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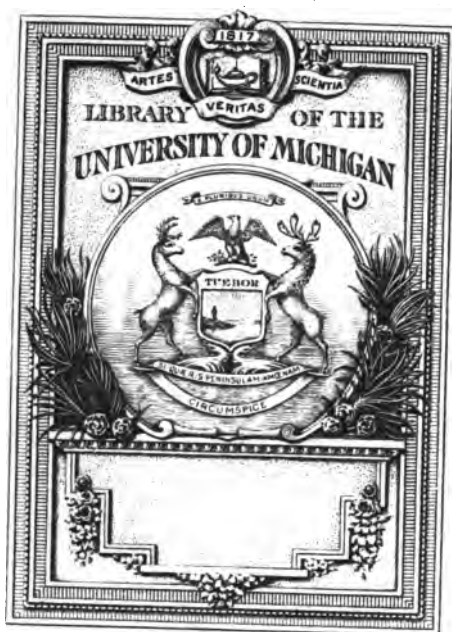
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A DRAMATIC POEM;

BY GOETHE,

TRANSLATED BY
JOHN WYNNIATT GRANT,
AUTHOR OF "HISTORICAL PICTURES FROM THE CAMPAGNA
OF ROME," ETC., ETC.

LONDON:
HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

—
1867.

ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL.

All genuine copies bear the signature of the translator.

W. G. G. G.

PRINTED BY T. GUNN, 62, BERWICK STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.

W. G. G. G.

W. G. G. G.



DEDICATION.

Ye wavering forms do ye approach again,
In early prime that sooth'd my anxious mind?
Shall I once more beseech you to remain?
And is my soul to your fond charms inclin'd?
Ye crowd around me, well your mystic reign,
Ye may now re-establish unconfin'd!
My bosom heaves with youthful agitation,
As from your features ye flash inspiration.

Ye bring the scenes of many a happier day—
The vanish'd shades of beings once so dear;
Like to some long-forgotten ancient lay,
First Love and Friendship to my view appear;
The pain renew'd once more we love to say,
How strange and mazy is life's sad career—
The good recall, whom, on life's sunny shore,
Betray'd by Fortune, we met never more.

They'll hear no more the music of these songs,
The souls to whom I oft the first would sing;
Mouldering in dust lie now the friendly throngs,
Their harp responsive never more they'll string:
Each lay, alas! to unknown crowds belongs,
And their applause no joy to me can bring;
And many a verse the feeling heart rejoices
Is tun'd now by unsympathizing voices.

A long disus'd look I fain would cast
To lands where spirits hold their wide domain;
Ah, indistinctly strikes my ear at last,
My lisping lay like some Æolian strain:
Strange thoughts assail me, tears are falling fast,
And my stout heartmelts with a tender pain—

11

11



As round the baker's shop the famish'd poor—
 Breaking their necks a ticket to procure.
 To cause such a sensation for a play,
 Is for the poet—friend, do it to-day !

Poet.

Oh, tell me not of the gay bustling crowds
 Whose aspect makes the soul inert and chill ;
 'Tis better when a veil the throng enshrouds,
 That draws us to the gulf against our will :
 Oh, let me live where skies unveil'd by clouds,
 And heavenly nooks abound the bard with joy to fill ;
 Where Love and Friendship, to out hearts endear'd,
 By hand celestial are brought forth and rear'd.

How oft we've felt within our bosom's core
 Things that the timid lips were slow t'express ;
 They then may have avail'd, or we their loss deplore
 Buried by the present in forgetfulness :
 And yet perchance, as on time's wings we soar,
 Their perfect forms again return to bless ;
 'Tis glittering tinsel the present engages,
 But Truth and Beauty go to after ages.

Merryman.

Now of posterity I want no conversation,
 But supposing I had thereto inclination,
 Who would then the present times amuse ?
 If amusement all must have, that you must not refuse.
 The presence of a gallant boy,
 Besides, is something to enjoy.
 He who to please will use his best endeavour,
 Is ever sure of gaining public favour ;
 And then he'll wish to try a wider sphere
 To give them ever better cheer.
 Be therefore enterprizing with solicitude !
 Call Phantasy and all her sister brood,
 Reason, Understanding, Feeling, Passion,
 And mind you make to Folly some concession !

Manager.

Take also heed ye give abundant fare !
 They come to look and something they must see ;
 Place but plenty once before them there,
 The multitude will wonder, gape, and stare,

And with your efforts well contented be.
 They'll then express their highest approbation,
 And ever hold you in great estimation.
 By throngs alone can you the throngs control.
 Each panders to his taste whene'er he may.
 Who plenty brings to each can something dole,
 And all will homeward wend their pleasing way.
 When you give a piece, to make sure that it pleases,
 Do not give it whole, but cut it up in pieces.
 A hash like that will meet a good reception ;—
 Quickly serv'd up and of facile conception.
 If you give it whole, what does that avail ?
 The public will themselves cut it up in detail.

Poet.

And don't you feel that such a pitiful system
 Can the true artist not at all beseem ?
 You have the maxims of the bungling crew,
 Who cannot ev'n cobble, much less make a shoe.

Manager.

Such a reproof I think no reprehension.
 When one to shew his skill has the intention,
 The best of tools must use that will his purpose fit.
 Consider 'tis soft wood you have to split !
 And mind what kind of gents it is for whom you write—
 And what cheer you must give them to fill them with
 delight !

Some come who are a prey to spleen and sore vexation ;
 And others eat a hearty meal and come for relaxation.
 The worst to say however yet remains,
 For many come when some strange news has quite upset
 their brains.

All flock to us like maskers for amusing recreation—
 Impatient and inquisitive to see the new sensation.
 The ladies too, sweet-smiling dears, without remuneration,
 Flare in chignon and headdress gay, beyond imagination.
 What do you ever cogitate on Fancy's aerial wing ? [ring?
 What can make a house cramm'd full with approbation
 Observe your patrons now with accurate inspection !
 Some are cold as ice, others have no reflection.
 After the play, where one has ev'n taken a nap,
 He'll go to spy the pretty flowers on some fair syren's cap.

Another having care no amusement shall be miss'd,
 Will go where he can play all night a quiet game at whist.
 For such a purpose 'tis no use on Fancy's wings to soar,
 Since you must only give them more, and more, and ever
 By such a plan you'll never miss the mark ; [more.
 To try to please the public is like groping in the dark.
 Not to vex them you must perplex them.
 What are the feelings that now sway your mind ?
 Are you to ecstasy or to grief inclin'd ?

Poet.

You must another craftsman for that end assay !
 Shall the poet then his noble art betray ?
 Pervert on your account his high vocation,
 And crush the leaves of nature's laurel wreath ?
 No more exalting, in each inspiration,
 Humanity's dull ploddings here beneath ?
 By what powerful art can he subdue each heart,
 And mastery gain o'er forces elemental ?
 Is it not Harmony that makes his bosom swell,
 And in his heart alone, allures the world to dwell ?
 When Nature ev'n, to careless mood inclines, [twines ;
 And heedlessly the length'ning threads around the spindle
 When beings in many a jarring multitude,
 Their tedious jostlings on his ear intrude.
 Who can tell the equal-flowing lines
 To glide in rhythmic loveliness away ?—
 Each word to take its place without delay—
 The glorious whole in sweet cadences blending ?
 Who lets wild passion rage within his soul,
 In frantic wilfulness without control ?
 Who showers spring's fairest blossoms as they blow,
 On paths beloved footprints love to know ?—
 Views even's soft glow with rapture never-ending ?
 Who, with the green and unassuming leaves,
 A laurel-crown for patient Merit weaves ?
 Who can the gods unite and thus Olympus shield ?
 In the true poet, man's strength of mind reveal'd !

Merryman.

You practise then the Poet's art sublime—
 Display the gifts by Nature sagely lent,
 Just like young folks at courtship's giddy time,

They meet, look, feel, and smile by accident,
 Then get entangl'd in love's toils mazy beyond conception;
 And ev'n Fortune's gifts sometimes meet with a strange
 reception ;
 And when most enraptur'd grief will join the dance,
 And e'er they've time to think the whole thing's a romance.
 To write such a play, just then take you the hint !
 Dive right into the middle of life's slimy pool!
 All men are puddling there, but few know what's in't,
 And for one wiseacre you'll find many a fool.
 Sharply look round, each man's motives testing !
 And then you're sure to write something interesting.
 Give motley pictures that have little meaning—
 One spark of truth containing, and with error teeming.
 This is the way good liquor all is brew'd,
 Whereby man's energies are quicken'd and renew'd.
 Then youth will come, with glowing animation,
 To see your play and hear your revelation.
 Some will admire your work who have a feeling heart,
 And sip therefrom the tender dew's of sadness ;
 And others, interested in some other part,
 Will find the thoughts exciting mirth and gladness.
 Where the shoe pinches all are well aware,
 And ever ready to gape, laugh, and stare.
 They'll honour with their patronage a bold imagination,
 And from vain appearances will cull sweet delectation :
 Men when well matured are crusty more or less, [ness.
 But they who still are blossoming will shew their thankful-

Poet.

Oh, let me live again the days
 When I myself was blossoming !
 When fondly welcom'd genial lays
 Came crowding upon young Fancy's wing,
 When the world's wildering ways
 Were shrouded in a vaporous haze,
 When I view'd the bud with wonder,
 When I pluck'd the wild flowers yonder,
 That in myriads to the skies,
 Lifted up their tiny eyes—
 Down the Glen so blithly roaming,
 At day break, or in the gloaming.

I nothing had whereon to pride,
 And was with nothing satisfied.
 Give me unbound each wild impulse again,
 The thirst for truth—for the marvellous the desire,
 The happiness fraught with the deepest pain,
 The power of love, of hate the quenchless ire,
 Oh ! let my early years resume their ancient reign !

Merryman.

Your youth, dear friend, no doubt you would require,
 When in the battle press'd by daring foe,
 Or when fair maids, impell'd by fond desire,
 Their arms around your neck in rapture throw,
 Or when from the goal hard-to-reach you see
 The garland telling you the race to try,
 Or when you've left the ball-room's revelry
 With wassailers the bowl all night to ply.
 But yet your wonted lyre you still can ever string
 With grace and energy the notes to play ;
 To a fix'd purpose you can ever cling,
 And erring, still plod on your cheerful way.
 That is, old man, all that effect you may,
 Nor less esteem on that account do we for you retain.
 Old age makes not men childish as they say,
 It only makes them children once again.

Manager.

A lengthy yarn you have already spun,
 'Tis now high time to see some proof of action ;
 While you in compliments still banter on,
 Something might be done to satisfaction.
 'Tis little use to talk of capability,
 The lazy loiterer cannot easily shew it ;
 Then shew your own poetical ability,
 Since you yourself give out to be a poet !
 Now you know what work it is you have to do.
 The drink we want to guzzle must be heady ;
 So lose no time at once begin to brew !
 What is not done to-day to-morrow is not ready
 Things of importance do not brook delay,
 And therefore you must never lose a day.
 When to the Possible to give effectuation
 Stout Resolution his arrangements makes,

He then it quickly by the forelock takes,
 And keeps it in his gripe with just elation,
 And gains ever more by each wise preparation.
 You know full well that in a German play,
 We can upon each actor place reliance ;
 So do not you be sparing on this day,
 Of every mechanical appliance,
 And wordy handbills to be given away.
 Heaven's great and little lights to use be not remiss,
 And also give the stars in great profusion ;
 Water, fire and many a precipice,
 Quadrupeds and birds you'll have in blest confusion.
 Then all creation and its lords
 Display in this our house of boards—
 And hastily go, reflecting well,
 From Heaven through the world to Hell.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

THE LORD, THE HEAVENLY HOSTS, AFTERWARDS MEPHISTOPHELES.

THE THREE ARCHANGELS COME FORWARD.

Raphael.

The sun sings with each brother sphere
 Creation's anthem as of old—
 Still closing their prescrib'd career
 On thunder-path 'mid rays of gold :
 Angels wax strong in rapt attention,
 For fathom them they never may ;
 The works sublime, past comprehension,
 Their pristine glories still display.

Gabriel.

And ever swift beyond conception,
 The earth revolves in splendour bright—
 Still interchanging the reception
 Of darkness drear and heavenly light :
 Around steep rocks the restless ocean,
 In broad waves foaming high uprears,
 And rock and wave in forc'd commotion,
 Run the eternal race of spheres.

Michael.

And tempests rage with emulation,
 From shore to sea—from sea to shore,
 And spread, in wild concatenation,
 Results that marvel evermore :
 Though thunder spreads fell desolation,
 And round the lightning flashes play,
 Thy heralds, LORD, with veneration,
 Still view thy softly changing day.

Chorus.

Angels wax strong, in rapt attention,
 For fathom thee they never may,
 Thy works sublime in their invention,
 Their pristine glories all display.

Mephistopheles.

Again, oh LORD, on earth thou dost appear—
 Enquiring if we all are well to do !
 And since with me thou rarely art severe,
 Thou see'st me here among thy servants too.
 I am not eloquent so pardon me,
 My speech by all would be receiv'd with scorn ;
 In Thee 'twould only cause hilarity,
 Hadst thou not long since merriment foresworn.
 Of sun and worlds I little have to say,
 I only see mankind a constant prey
 To all the evils of their folly here,—
 Creation's little lord, in his career,
 Jogs ever on as he did heretofore,
 And marvel brings as in the days of yore.
 He might a little better wear and tear,
 Hadst thou not to him given a semblance of Heaven's air;
 He calls it reason but its use alone,
 Makes him of beasts the very filthiest one.
 He seems to me, with your gracious permission,
 In the long-leggéd grasshopper's condition
 That ever springs aloft when it would fly,
 Then in the grass again doth chirping lie—
 Singing always that dull senseless lay
 That we have heard him sing for many a day—
 Let him but lie there chirping more or less,
 He'll poke his nose in ev'ry dirty mess.

The Lord.

At thy grumbling again?
 Always coming to complain?
 Is there then nothing on the earth that pleases thee?

Mephistopheles.

No LORD! I find things here ev'n worse than I can tell.
 I do pity mankind for all the griefs they feel,
 Were I to torment them my heart would be of steel.

The Lord.

Knowest thou Faust?

Mephistopheles.

The doctor?

The Lord.

Yes, my servant truly!

Mephistopheles.

Indeed! he serves thee in a way that's rather cool
 No earthly food or drink will ever please the fool.
 It must to him come fermented from afar,
 Of his folly he is half-aware;
 From heaven exacting ev'n the fairest star,
 And from the earth the very choicest fare.
 What he sees near him or sees from a distance
 Can never tranquillize his soul's unrest intense.

The Lord.

Though now he serves me in a crack-brain'd way,
 I soon will shed on him some heavenly light.
 The gard'ner when he sees the young tree green to-day,
 Knows the blossoms and the fruit will the next year
 delight.

Mephistopheles.

What dost thou wager thou'lt not lose him yet,
 If, with my devices subtle,
 Softly to lead him thou wilt me permit,
 Down my own broad way I never can forget?

The Lord.

As long as on the earth he yet may live,
 That permission to thee I can give,
 Man may go astray as long as he must battle.

Mephistopheles.

I thank thee much, for with the dead,
 I've never lik'd to rack my head.
 I like the cheeks when fresh and blooming,
 Nor care to see corpses entombing;
 With me the thing is much the same
 As when the cat has caught its garr

The Lord.

Well then, by thee he may be led !
 Draw away this spirit from his fountain head,
 And if thou canst catch him, then indeed I say,
 Lead him down thy own broad way.
 But be ashamed if thou must confess,
 That a good man in dark distress,
 Though passions tempt and ills intrude,
 Leaves not the path of rectitude.

Mephistopheles.

Oh, then we'll make short work of it.
 I have no fear about my bet.
 And if I gain my purpose quite,
 Then I must shew my exultation.
 Dust he shall eat and that with appetite,
 Just as the serpent did my far-fam'd relation.

The Lord.

In that case also shew no hesitation,
 The like of thee I really ne'er have hated.
 Of all the spirits who dwell in negation,
 The crafty knave has most my ire abated.
 Man's nature is so prone to shrink from hard exertion,
 And oft lethargic indolence induces,
 That to give him a mate I have no objection,
 Who excites, operates, and like a devil produces.
 But ye true born of Heaven, when time was full,
 Rejoice ye in the rich and living Beautiful !
 Encompass with the soft bands of affection,
 Creative power eternally that acts, lives, and combines !
 And what seems but a wavering reflection,
 Imprint indelibly upon your minds !

(Exeunt The Lord and the heavenly hosts.)

Mephistopheles.

The old gentleman's visits always pleasure bring,
 And for the world I would not with him break ;
 In such a noble lord 'tis such a handsome thing,
 So kindly with the Devil himself to speak.

FAUST.

ACT. I.

SCENE. 1.—NIGHT.

A lofty, vaulted, narrow, gothic chamber.—FAUST seated at his desk.

Faust.

Alas ! and alack a day !
I've little for myself to say.
I've studied long philosophy
Jurisprudence and medicine ;
And haplessly theology,
With thirsty soul and ardour keen ;
Still here I am a stupid fool,
As wise as when I went to school.
I'm master call'd for what I do,
A doctor's cap adorns me too ;
And for nearly ten years gone,
I've led my pupils, everyone,
By the nose, aslant, awry,
Upwards and downwards, constantly.
'Tis true I know more than ever was guess'd
By doctor, or master, or writer, or priest,
All fools in their way we may call them at least.
I'm never by doubts, nor by scruples affrighted,
Care neither for hell nor for devil united,
And am by my friends for that reason forsaken.
I think I shall never to wisdom awaken ;
I think I shall never enlighten my mind,
So as to reclaim, or to better mankind.
I've neither coin, nor chattels, nor gear,
Nor honours and titles that all men revere ;
For a dog such a life would not ev'n answer ;
And therefore, at length I've turn'd necromancer—
Hoping, by strength of soul and of speech,
To the secrets of nature mysterious to reach,

}

Nor longer to teach with sore apprehension,
 Things utterly past my dull comprehension—
 To learn the hidden mystic lore,
 Within the world's inmost core—
 To dive to the depths of each art and each science,
 Nor more on mere words to place my reliance.

Thou Full-Moonshine oh, couldst thou soothe my pain,
 And never look upon griefs again !
 How many, a time, at still midnight,
 I've lov'd to view thy tender light !
 When thy radiance softly clear
 Would on my desk and books appear.
 Fain would I range the mountain yonder,
 With thee in sweet converse to wander !
 To hover with spirits round the craggy recesses,
 Where thy dusky twilight the landscape refreshes ;
 Or in meadows to bathe in the dew of thy sheen
 And in thoughtless enjoyment to revel serene.

And am I still imprison'd here,
 In this damp hole—this dungeon drear ?
 Which dimly heaven's clear light obtains,
 Obstructed by dull painted panes—
 Made smaller by a dus'y lot
 Of books that gnawing worms do rot.
 Up to the ceiling, worse than all,
 A dingy smoke-stain'd paper'd wall.
 With glasses—boxes in profusion,
 Lie instruments in blest confusion,
 Beside the fusty, clumsy gear,
 Our fathers us'd when they were here,
 And life's gay streamers wav'd unfurl'd,
 Faust that's thy world, that is a world !

And dost thou ask thyself again,
 What hidden fear thy bosom wrings ?—
 Why an intense mysterious pain
 Should stem life's softly gurgling springs ?
 Thou hail'st no more each purer joy.
 In heaven-born Nature found, alone ;

In noxious vapours round thee lie
Dead men's skulls and skeleton.

Away, away ! o'er meadows gay
And this book with mystery fraught,
That father Adam wrote one day
Can it then avail thee not ?
Instructed by mysterious Nature.
Thou'lt fathom all her nomenclature ;
The movements of each starry sphere,
Will make thy soul still more revere,
And she will ev'n to thee declare,
How spirits hold converse in air.
In vain to thy dull senses here,
The holy signs inscrib'd appear.
Ye spirits hovering round me thrice,
Reply if ye have heard my voice !

(He opens the book and perceives the sign of the makrokosmos.)

Ah ! what ecstasy, from this employment,
With thrilling glow pervades each inmost feeling !
The soothing influence of rapt enjoyment
Through every vein and nerve is quickly stealing.
Was it a god that erst these signs did write
That have the power the soul's tumult to still—
To make the heart throb with supreme delight—
The bosom with tranquillity to fill ?
That with mysterious impulse can prevail
Ev'n nature's hidden mysteries to unveil ?
Am I a god ?—methinks I feel so light.
In these pure lines 'tis now I can descry
That nature's operating powers do lie
Before my soul in all their secret might.
I now acknowledge what the sage doth write :
" The world of spirits still existeth here ;
Thy heart is dead—thy senses are at rest ;
Arise my pupil banish fear,
Bathe in the morning-red thy mortal breast !

(He contemplates the sign.)

How all things wisely to a purpose tend,
And with each other operate and blend !
How heavenly forces ever are ascending,
In alternation then again descending—
The golden pitcher to each other lending !

On odoriferous wing still operating—
 From Heaven on high through earth still penetrating!
 Harmoniously the whole in one uniting—
 Th' enraptur'd soul with wonder still delighting!

What spectacle divine fills with amaze!
 Alas, upon it I can only gaze!
 Eternal Nature, where the comprehension?
 Where the mind t' embrace thy vast extension?
 Ye secret sources, where?—all life pervading, [aiding?
 Both earth and sky sustaining, and exhaustless being
 At your pure rills the soul would soothe its pain;
 Whilst ye imbibe and flow, must I pine here in vain?

*[Turns the leaves of the book indignantly, and sees
 the sign of the Earth Spirit.]*

How differently I feel the influence of the sign!
 Earth's subtle spirit hovers nearer still;
 I feel endu'd with a more powerful will,
 My bosom glows as if refresh'd with new wine,
 I feel impell'd into the world to venture,
 To share Earth's fortune or her misadventure;
 With storms and whirlwinds recklessly to dash,
 And hear of rock-riven ships the fearful crash.
 A vaporous arch the place enshrouds—
 The moon withdraws her light—
 The lamp is gone!
 Strange exhalations now oppress my brain,
 And quivering rays of flame play all around;
 A shuddering influence from the arch descending
 Pervades my inmost soul!
 I feel thee hovering near me, conjur'd spirit!
 Unveil thy form!
 I feel my heart-strings torn!
 Feelings felt before never
 Make all my senses thrill with agitation!
 I feel I'm thine, perchance for ever!
 Unveil thy form!
 Should ev'n my life pay for this incantation!

*[Seizes the book and utters mysteriously the sign of
 the Spirit. A red light flashes, in which the
 Spirit appears.]*

Spirit of the Earth.

Who calls to me?

Faust.

Oh, horrid sight!

Spirit.

By potent spell thou hast evok'd me here,
And long imbib'd thy life-sap on my sphere—
And now—

Faust.

Thy view fills with affright!

Spirit.

With heart-wrung prayers thou hast besought to gaze
Upon my lineaments—my voice to hear,
And when at thy soul's yearnings I appear,
What throes of terror, and what wild amaze
Unman thee now? Where thy fam'd soul elated?
The heart that in thy brain a world created?
That made thy bosom thrill with keen delight,
To think with spirits thou couldst vie in might?
That Faust art thou whose voice my ear assail'd?
Whose supplications on my will prevail'd?
Is then my breath a treacherous withering flame,
That every fibre trembles in thy frame?
Thou shivering, grovelling, drivelling earth-worm!

Faust.

Vision of flame, shall I then from thee fly?
I am thy equal, yes, that Faust am I!

Spirit.

Where action is rife,
In conflict and strife,
Hither and thither,
Hard to tell whither,
Above and below,
Untiring I go,
And wander and wave
In restless commotion!—
Death and the grave—
An infinite ocean,
A web ever changing—
Combining—deranging;
A life ever glowing—
A tide ever flowing—

I weave at the loom ever whizzing of time,
A vestment vivacious for the godhead sublime.

Faust.

Spirit ranging ever free,
Through this wide world unceasingly,
How much I feel akin to thee!

}

Spirit.

Thou resemblest the spirit which thou canst understand,
Not me!

[vanishes.]

Faust. *[dismayed].*

Not thee?

Whom then, may I demand?

If my image is not like thine,

'Tis like the godhead divine!

[A knock.]

O death, I know it—'tis my famulus—
My happiest fortune is now a delusion!
And visions that were rising in profusion,
By this dry intruder are dispell'd thus.

[Enter WAGNER in his dressing-gown and night-cap, with a lamp in his hand. FAUST turns round with reluctance.]

Wagner.

Pardon me, I heard you were rehearsing—
Reading no doubt some Grecian tragic play?
Of that art too, I'd like to have a smattering,
Now a days it goes a mighty way,
A hundred times I've heard say at least,
A play-actor may sometimes teach a priest.

Faust.

Yes, when the priest himself a player is,
And you may yet see that, like many another miss.

Wagner.

Alas! when in his study one passes his existence,
And scarcely sees the world on holiday-occasion,
Hardly through a telescope—only from a distance,
How can one ever be convinc'd by persuasion?

Faust.

Ye who feel it not, well may search in vain;
It must gush up, from your most inmost soul,
With joy primordial to retain
All hearts enraptur'd, ev'n beyond control.
Sit and concoct your patch-work to look fair,

Brew a ragout or other wassail cheer,
 From your ash-heap to make the darkness drear,
 Where children and baboons may gape and stare,
 If perchance for that your teeth are watering !
 But heart to heart ye have no power to bring,
 If from your own heart's core the feelings do not spring.

Wagner.

A good delivery makes the preacher shine,
 That is too true, alas ! that gift was never mine.

Faust.

With honest gains contented be !
 Your jingling fools are not for me.
 Intelligence and common sense
 Need little art and no expense.
 If really earnest when you preach,
 Is eloquence beyond your reach ?
 Or every varied form of speech ?
 Your glittering tinsel-sermons that abound
 With all the inanity of sound,
 Wherby humanity's vain shreds ye frizzle,
 Are unrefreshing like the misty drizzle,
 That in the autumn through the trees doth rustle,
 Shivering the parched leaves with withering bristle.

Wagner.

Alack a day ! art is long,
 And life short as a crazy song.
 With all the efforts I can make
 Both head and heart do often ache ;
 So hard to find the road it seems,
 To reach the sources of the heavenly streams ;
 And ere one has ev'n got half-way,
 Then a poor devil must die, Alack a day !

Faust.

The sacred parchment is the holy well
 That can alone, the thirst for ever quell ;
 But no refreshment can it ever bring,
 If from your soul itself, refreshment does not spring.

Wagner.

Pardon me, it is a great enjoyment,
 When the spirit of all times is our employment ;

How wise men thought before us even to know,
And see how far we have outstripp'd them now.

Faust.

O yes, perforce up to the starry spheres !
My friend the times of past revolv'd years
Are like a book of seven seals to us all ;
And what the spirit of the times you call,
Is but the spirit of the knaves who laugh,
And shew to all their paltry photograph—
With smirking face and very fair appearance,
But ever plotting some dishonest pretence ;
In railway-shares and in bank-stock, some shewing to
lie ability,

And thousands sending to the dogs with limit-liability.
My friend, the times are like a foul dust-bin,
Or lumber-room, with nasty things within,
With scripture texts pasted on the outside,
So that the knaves may better knavery hide.

Marguer.

And yet the world each one would like to know—
The human heart and mind, and all things here below.

Faust.

Oh yes, to know the world as most people do !
Who can the little child call by its real name ?
The few, who to some knowledge could lay claim,
Have been crucified, and flay'd, and burnt too,
When they, in evil hour by their full hearts betray'd,
Their thoughts and feelings to the mob display'd.
But now 'tis late my friend. and therefore, pray,
Defer your queries to another day !

Marguer.

I could all night have sat up with great pleasure,
To speak with one like you, so knowing beyond measure ;
But as to-morrow will be Easter-day,
One question, more I fain would ask without delay.
I've studied many things, both great and small,
And knowing much would ev'n like to know all.

Faust.

Until all hope the head doth leave,
To trumpery trash the heart will ever cleave ;
With greedy hand we dig for hidden treasure,
And find a filthy grub with infinite pleasure.

Should mortal voice be heard within this place,
Where spirits reign'd in mystic plenitude ?
And yet alas ! it was an act of grace,
Thou poorest of earth's sons, I owe thee gratitude ;
'Twas thou that sav'd'st me from the dark despair,
That threaten'd my frail senses to destroy ;
So like a giant stood the vision there,
That I myself seem'd but a dwarfish boy.

I, to the godhead who bear full resemblance,
Who thought to seize truth's eterne glass celestial,
To be his consort in divine intelligence,
Reliev'd and stripp'd of my vile shred terrestrial ;
To be ev'n more than cherub, whose potent essence
Should flow through nature's arteries intense,
Creative power possessing, who like the gods should live,
Did daringly presume, what atonement must I give !
Accents of thunder, spoke and tore me thence.

To be thy equal I can lay no claim,
If hither to attract thee power to me was given,
Helpless I stood thy presence to constrain.
And at that moment even,
Which seem'd to me like a foretaste of Heaven,
Thinking myself so great, I was indeed so small.
And sternly didst thou thrust me back withal,
Into the unstable lot of frail humanity.
What must I avoid ? on whom can I rely ?
Shall I give way to this oppressiveness ?
Our deeds, no less than sufferings that appal,
Obstruct alike our life's progressiveness.

Things fraught with splendid beauty in the soul retain'd,
Are ever from without more and more defac'd ;
And when to what is best in life we have attain'd,
Falsehood and error's all we have embrac'd ;
And noble feelings, dearer ev'n than life,
Are deaden'd in the worlds ignoble strife.

And yet, when Fancy soars with heavenly fire,
And full of hope flies to eternal things,

A little space is all she doth require,

Though each new plan in life but greater ruin brings.
But care will nestle ev'n in powerful minds,

And bring forth moments fraught with secret pain,
Rest and enjoyment hindering at times,

Until we get the mastery again !

Under some mask or other it will come,

It may be wife or child—it may be house or home,

Or poison, water, dagger, or consuming fire.

Thou tremblest at the ills that still withhold their ire,

And what thou lovest never, that must thou bemoan.

I'm not like the gods, that I now feel too well,

I'm like the worm that in the dust doth dwell ;

And that when crawling on the dust to feed,

Is crush'd and buried by some wanderer's tread.

Is it not dust on all the shelves around that lofty wall

That narrower makes this place where I my stay prolong ?

This frippery shop, and all its toys withal,

That in this magotty world around me throng ?

What most I wish shall I then find it here ?

And must I through a thousand volumes haste.

To know mankind afflicted every where,

With here and there one happier than the rest ?

And dost thou grin, thou empty skull again, .

Because like me thou once didst rack thy brain ?—

In dusky twilight wandering, when thou sought'st the day,

With thirst for truth, didst thou too sorrowing lose thy way ?

Mysteriously ev'n in clear day-light,

Nature will not unveil to main and might ;

And when to thy enquiries to reply she will not deign,

Nor screws, nor levers can her will constrain.

Ye paltry instruments ! ye too pleas'd me to foil,

With wheel and cog, and cylinder and coil ;

I stood at the door, ye should have been the key,

Your wards are intricate, but no bolt ye raise for me.

And you, ye pieces of old lumber I did not require,

Ye now stand here because ye serv'd my sire !

And thou, old parchment scroll ! thy letters are bedimm'd.

So long upon this desk by untrimm'd lamp begrimm'd.

I'd better done, had I my little all consum'd,

Than with that little here to toil and live entomb'd.

If aught to thee has been left in succession,
If thou canst use it, then retain possession.
Things that are useless are a sore encumbrance ;
What for the moment serves is useful in abundance.

But why should thus my eyes to that spot always tend,
Is that flask a loadstone to attract them there ?
Whence those rays of light that lovingly round me blend,
Like moonbeams in some wood, round lonely wanderer ?

I greet thee vial, standing by thyself !
And with devotion take thee from the shelf.
In thee I honour human art and craft,
Thou essence of sweet slumber's potent draught,
Extract of poison's deadly subtle power—
Show favour to thy master at this hour !
I look upon thee, and I feel my pain decrease,
I grasp thee, and the minds bold strivings cease.
The spirits onwards floods slowly are repell'd,
Into a boundless ocean I'm impell'd,
Their splendour at my feet, the mirror'd floods display,
And new shores allure where shines a brighter day.

A light-wing'd chariot form'd of radiant fire,
Towards me drives ! I feel a keen desire,
On untrod-paths through ether fields to force my way,
To spheres untried of pure activity.
This life sublime, fraught with god-like delight,
Didst thou deserve, a grovelling worm just now ?
Yes, then without dismay upon thy brow,
Turn thy back on earth-sun's genial light,
And daringly, the gates burst quickly through,
Before which all with fear and trembling, glide.
Now is the time by deeds man's worth to shew,
That heavenly heights to climb he is not terrified ;
Nor trembles at the dark and drear abyss,
Where phantasy herself to torture doth condemn ;
Nor ev'n hesitates through that path to press,
Around whose narrow mouth all Hell itself doth flame ;
That he with cheerfulness can make the stern resolve,
Did he ev'n run the risk into nothing to dissolve.

Come thou down too, thou shining crystal bowl !
 From thy old case, come now to cheer my soul !
 Of thee I have not thought for many a year,
 Thou who didst once my father's board adorn—
 Enliv'ning the dull wassailers with sparkling cheer,
 When, from guest to guest, thou wert in triumph borne.
 Thy rich artistic sheen of copious imagery,
 Which it behov'd each toper to explain in rhyme,
 Ere at one draught, the cup should emptied be,
 Recals to mind the nights of youthful prime.
 To no companion shall I hand thee now,
 Nor praise thee well, to shew how much I know.
 Here is a juice that soon will stupify ;
 With the brown stream he fills himself thy cavity.
 What I choose now is what I have prepar'd ;
 With my whole soul, let this last beverage then be shar'd
 Aurora to salute with joy and festive glee !

*[He raises the cup to his mouth. Ringing of bells
 and choral song.]*

Chorus of Angels.

Christ hath burst in delight
 Through the shadows of night !
 Let the Mortal rejoice,
 Long aggriev'd by the voice
 Of evils entailing
 Weeping and wailing,
 And sorrow unfailing.

Faust.

What hear I softly humming, and what clear harmonious
 Thus forcibly the cup draws from my lips away ? [strain,
 Ye hollow-sounding bells, do ye proclaim again,
 The ever joyous advent of blest Easter-day ?
 Ye choruses, do ye to us the anthem bring, [sing,
 Which once before the sepulchre sweet angels' lips did
 Of a new covenant the glorious certainty ?

Chorus of Women.

With spices sweet smelling
 We embalm'd and perfum'd him,
 Ere in his drear dwelling,
 We his dear ones inhum'd him :
 With linen we did bind
 Him, and swathing bands clear,

But alas ! now we find
Christ no longer here.

Chorus of Angels.

Christ hath burst in delight
Through the shadows of night—
Raptur'd victoriously—
Lovingly, gloriously.
With patience benign,
And meekness divine,
He suffered malignity,
Scorn and indignity,
For the blest consummation
Of the world's salvation.

Faust.

Ye soft and mighty tones celestial,
Why seek ye me, a vile worm terrestrial ?
Go, let your notes be heard by men of fragile mind !
'Tis true I hear the message, but no faith my soul can
bind ;

Wonder is Faith's pet child to whom she's ever kind.

To yonder spheres I dare not strive to go,

Whence tidings of salvation now resound ;—

Yet youth was wont to hear their happy sound,

And they again recal the times of long ago. [bliss,

Oh, then the sabbath-stillness was fraught with heavenly

And softly on my lips did fall kind Heaven's celestial kiss.

Ah, then how full of hope did I hear the church-bells ring,

And to lisp my simple prayers did sweet enjoyment bring.

With strange longings too, that I could not explain,

Through fields and forests roaming, I ever lov'd to go ;

Thoughts of a new existence would fill my anxious brain,

And burning tears of tenderness would then in torrents flow.

These strains would ever harbinger the happy games of

And the bliss unbounded of life's genial spring ; [youth,

And early remembrances fraught with love and truth,

Bid me at this moment, still to hope to cling.

Oh, let me hear once more the music of your voices !

I'm back to earth again, tears fall, the heart rejoices !

Chorus of Disciples.

Has the buried one now,
From the regions of night,
With delight on his brow,
Arisen in might ?

Is he in blissfulness
Glorious elated ?
Alas, to distressfulness
Here we are fated !
He left us in anguish
And longing to pine ;
Dear LORD how we languish !
What rapture is thine !

Chorus of Angels.

Christ hath burst in delight
Through the shadows of night,
From the low dreary tomb,
Of corruption the womb.
Let the fetters that gall you,
No longer enthrall you !
Cling to him cheeringly !
Love him endearingly !
Like sister and brother,
Be guests to each other !
In far distant lands,
Go, preach his commands !
Proclaim to each nation,
The joys of salvation !

SCENE II.—BEFORE THE TOWN GATE.

[Promenaders of all kinds pass out.]

A Party of Mechanics.

Where to then out there ?

Another Party.

'Tis to the huntsman's we wish to repair.

First Party.

And we should like up to the mill to wander.

A Mechanic.

Take my advice, go to the fish-pond yonder.

Second Mechanic.

The road down there is not one of the best.

Second Party.

Where you intend to go to, now excites our wonder.

Third Mechanic,

For my part I shall go with all the rest.

Fourth Mechanic.

If you come to Burgdorf, then you will not fail,

To meet the bonniest lassies, and enjoy the nicest ale,
And if you're fond of fun, every other kind of cheer.

Fifth Mechanic.

My friend, I think your talk's a little queer,
It seems to me you want again to be knock'd down,
A place like that to-day, shall not change my half-crown

Servant Girl.

No, no, no! I'd rather go back again to town.

Other Servant Girl.

No doubt we'll find him yonder, by some poplar tree.

First Servant Girl.

He cares only for your company, so what is that to me?
You know yourself, upon the lawn he'll only dance with you,
So that, with your amusements I'll nothing have to do.

Second Servant Girl.

Tis very certain that to-day, he will not be alone,
For curly-head is coming too, as I was told, for one.

Student.

By Jove, see how the sprightly girls advance!
Come brother, we must with them to the dance!
To smoke the best Virginia, and drink the strongest beer,
Beside a prim-dress'd maiden, is my enjoyment here.

Citizen's Daughter.

Oh, look at these young fellows, how they hurry on apace;
I really think it is a great disgrace,
When they might choose the very best, to see these silly lads,
Always running after paltry servant maids.

Second Student. [to the first.

Go not so very fast! behind us come two lassies,
With very winning looks, and very pretty dresses;
One of them haps to be my very next door neighbour,
And I always see her laughing eyes with the greatest favour;
They now are taking modestly their Easter-sunday's walk,
And with us they will shortly join in most agreeable talk.

First Student.

No brother, not to-day! ill humour on me rushes,
The game that we have singl'd out, I should not like to lose;
The girls who on Saturdays are tir'd of scrubbing brushes,
Will, when it is their Sunday-out so much the more amuse.

Citizen.

I wish he were at Jericho, this new chief magistrate!
His saucy and new-fangl'd ways is what I most do hate,

Not a halfpenny for the town spending,
I'll luck to all classes extending,
He ever would have us obeying,
And fawning, and cringing, and paying.

Beggar. [*sings.*]

Kind gentlemen and ladies fair,
With rosy cheeks and dress'd in fashion,
Oh, let me now your bounty share,
And on my misery have compassion !
The generous heart alone is gay,
Oh, let me not long here importune !
But let this blessed festive day,
Be one to me of happy fortune !

Second Citizen.

Nothing is more to my taste, on feast-days or on sunday,
Than to talk of fighting, and of the last new gun,
Provided that the seat of war is in some country far away,
Where nations to the shambles go, at the beat of drum—
To sit at our host's window, and drink a cheerful glass,
And looking down the river see the ships that gaily pass ;
Then after that, we cheerfully our homeward steps incline,
Glad that we live in peaceful times, enjoying peace benign.

Third Citizen.

Well neighbour that is just the way I can the world defy,
I let them break each others heads without participation ;
And every mortal thing for me may go aslant—awry,
In my good old father's house, I find my recreation.

Old Woman. [*to the citizens' daughters*]

How very smartly dress'd you are, how blooming you
Your charms irresistible will the young men allure. [*appear,*
Now, do not be so proud ! well, that is very clear !
Whatever you may wish to have, I can for you procure.

Citizen's Daughter.

Agatha, now come away ! for I must careful be,
With witches such as these, in open day to go ;
For on St. Andrew's eve, they really let me see
The same young man in person, I shall hereafter know.

The Other.

They shew'd mine to me in a magic mirror,
Just like the one my sister saw in Homer's St., New Rd.
He was with his soldier comrades, and a very gallant fellow,
To meet him I'd give anything, that indeed I would.

Chorus of Soldiers.

Cities where tow'ring
 Battlements rise,
 Maidens with low'ring
 Disdain in their eyes,
 Fain would I assail,
 And boldly prevail,
 For daring the venture and glorious the prize

The army we join
 At the trumpet's shrill blast,
 'Tis glory divine
 Or ruin at last.
 What an assaulting—
 Exulting and vaulting,
 When maids fair and tender
 With languishing eyes,
 And cities surrender
 To soldiers assailing.
 And boldly prevailing!
 For daring the venture, but glorious the prize
 That the brave soldier's pride gratifies.

FAUST AND WAGNER.

Faust.

Freed from ice are stream and brook,
 By genial spring's kind and enliv'ning look.
 Again sweet flowers of hope in valleys bloom,
 And infirm winter in his impotence,
 Has now retired to his rugged mountains whence,
 He may amuse himself with paltry hailstones sending,
 And cover with their layers the green vegetation;
 But the blest sun, with watchfulness unending,
 Lets no whiteness mar the beauty of creation. [striving,
 Everywhere around us wax new forms with earnest
 And Nature is on plant and flower her brightest tints
 reviving;

But no wild flowers can be seen in the city yonder,
 'Tis young folks in colours gay that there excite our
 Now let your looks towards the town be tending, [wonder.
 What variegated crowds through the gates now wend
 their way!

Everyone basks in the sun with cheerfulness elate,
 The resurrection of the Lord, with joy to celebrate,
 They have themselves arisen to-day,

Both clerk and artisan, to go
 From their dwellings damp and low,
 And breathe an atmosphere of pure enjoyment—
 Freed from the trammels of daily imployment,
 From the close and crowded streets,
 From the churches solemn gloom,
 The fresh air joyous, each one greets;
 How they breathless onward come,
 Through gardens and through fields to roam !
 Behold, the river everywhere,
 Disports the boats fill'd with the joyous throngs,
 Who bless the happiness that to this day belongs.
 That one sailing down there is, I think,
 So very full that it will sink.
 From the mountain in the distance
 Thitherward all the village presses—
 The pathways teem with glittering dresses.
 I now rejoicing hear the turmoil of existence.
 This is their real paradise of gay festivity,
 When the people great and small join in the mirth and glee,
 I feel that here I am a man—a man I now must be.

Wagner.

Doctor, with you I like to take a walk,
 'Tis both an honour and advantage rare ;
 But, with that queer lot, I should not like to talk,
 Unruly manners I could never bear.
 Fiddling, shouting, and even skittle-playing
 Always seem'd to me a sort of madness ;
 They storm as if the Devil was within them staying,
 And then they call it music and revelling in gladness.

PEASANTS UNDER THE LINDEN TREE.

Dance and Song.

The shepherd went the dance to join,
 With ribbon, wreath, and jacket fine,
 Dress'd for a holiday.
 Around the linden lass and lad,
 Went deftly threading it like mad.
 Far al de ral !
 Far all de ral ! fa ray !
 Went fiddlestick, fa ray !

And as he sidl'd through the throng,
 With clownish elbows sharp and strong,
 He push'd a damsel gay ;
 The buxom wench wheel'd round and said,
 I think sir, you are most ill-bred !

Far al de ral !

Far al de ral, fa ray !

Be more polite, I pray !

And wild and wilder in the ring,
 Their supple toes they nimbly fling,
 Their kirtles fluttering play.
 And they get red, and they get warm,
 And panting breathless arm in arm,
 Far al de ral ;

Far al de ral, fa ray !

With arm a kimbo stay.

Pray now sir, be not quite so free !
 For many a simple lass like me,
 Has thus been led astray.
 He lur'd the wincing maid aside,
 And from the linden overjoy'd,

Far al de ral !

Far al de ral ! fa ray !

They shout, far al, fa ray !

Old Peasant.

Doctor 'tis a most noble thing

That you should mix with us to-day ;

And, amidst this crowded throng,

Go on your staid and learned way.

Then take from me the finest pitcher

Replenished with sparkling ale,

I drink your health, and loudly wish !

Not only that it thirst may quell :

May all its drops that bring no tears,

Be added to your span of years !

Faust.

I take the draught with all my heart's content,

Drink all your healths, with the same compliment.

[The people gather round him in a circle.]

Old Peasant.

Doctor, indeed it brings us joy,

When you at festive tide appear ;
 For you were formerly our friend,
 In times of sore affliction here.

And many a one is living now,
 Whose burning fever was allay'd,
 By your father's art and skill,
 When he the epidemic stay'd.

You were yourself a stripling then,
 And ever in infermaries found ;
 And many a corpse was carried out,
 But you kept always safe and sound.

You have yourself had many a tribulation,
 But you had a kind heart and Heaven sent consolation.

All.

Health to the man whose kindness Heaven did bless,
 May he live long to shew kind-heartedness.

Faust.

Thank God in Heaven with humility,
 Whose bounty teaches ever charity.

[He walks on with Wagner.]

Wagner.

Great man ! what happiness to you belongs !
 Thus to receive such homage from these throngs !
 O happy man ! he who, from talents rare,
 Receives of interest such a plenteous share ;
 The father comes with radiant joy,
 To shew you to his little boy ;
 In crowds they haste each other questioning,
 The fiddle stops, the dancers pause,
 And where you pass they stand in rows,
 Their caps on high, with joy they fling,
 And would with reverence almost bend the knee,
 As if they saw the "Venerable",

Faust.

A few more paces just as far as the stone yonder.—
 We're here at length, let us no farther wander !
 How oft have I sat down upon this spot,
 Lonely, immerséd in the deepest thought ;
 And grieving sore, with fasting and with prayer,
 Bewail'd the woes that others had to share.
 I then, when rich in hope to faith would cling,
 And, with imploring prayers, my hands would wring,

Till from their founts the burning tears would spring ;
 As if I forcibly from Heaven, could wrest the aid,
 Whereby the fever's havoc might be stay'd.
 Now the applause of crowds seems to me a mockery.
 Oh, could you in my most inmost soul but read,
 How very little you would clearly see,
 Father, or son such fame have merited !
 My father was a gloomy, but an honest man,
 And nature's secret wide-extended sphere,
 Sincerely, yet in his own way would scan,
 With strange capriciousness, but anxious care.
 Oft him and his skill'd adepts,
 His black kitchen would confine ;
 And there with a thousand receipts,
 They would opposing things combine.
 There the lion red, a suitor keen,
 In a tepid bath, was to the lily wedded,
 And both could then in the live flames be seen,
 From bride-chamber to -chamber tortured and bedded,
 Until, in variegated colours gay,
 Appeared in the glass the infant queen ;
 This was the medicine that did each patient slay,
 And none enquired who had saved been.
 Thus did we havoc spread, with vile electuaries,
 With irresistible might, more than the pestilence even,
 Amid these mountains and these lovely valleys.
 I have the drug myself to thousands given,
 Helplessly they died, and I must live to see
 The murderer hail'd with loud festivity,

Wagner.

But why, on that account be thus afflicted now ?

No man can do more for the public good,
 Than the art he could from others only know,
 To practice with upright exactitude.
 If your father had in youth your staid affection,
 No doubt he did to you the lesson teach :
 That if your science you brought nearer perfection,
 Your son would, taught by you, still nearer thereto reach.

Faust.

O happy he ! upon the hope who can rely,
 One day t' emerge from error's dismal sea ;
 What we know not is what would useful be

And what we do know, can no want supply.
 Enough, let this fair hour no longer share
 Thoughts and reflections fraught with grief and care !

The evening sun sets with a glowing ray,
 On cottages embosom'd in spring's blossoming ;
 His last soft glimmering sheen precedes the parting day,
 Both light and joy to other lands to bring,
 Alas ! no wing can raise me up on high,
 To follow him afar, in yonder sky !
 Then would I see in sun-set never-ending,
 The world in silence lying at my feet ;
 Each mountain-top illum'd, each vale in stillness sweet,
 Its way the silvery brook in golden streamlets wending.
 Nought could then obstruct my god-like carer,
 Nor mountain wild with all its ravines too ;
 Each ocean-gulf glittering warm and clear,
 Would ever burst upon my ravish'd view.
 Methinks at length the god would seem away to sink,
 But onward still, by new impulse impell'd,
 I hasten his eternal light to drink,
 Before me Day, and Night for ever quell'd—
 Heaven above, and under me the ocean.
 O aerial shade of Fancy fraught with intense emotion,
 Vision of bliss, too soon to be dispell'd !
 Ah, when the spirit's swiftness we proclaim,
 The wings of bird deserve not ev'n the name !
 All share th' impulse innate that makes each feeling soar,
 Upward and onward—ever onward still,
 What time the lark we hear on high his warblings pour,
 With joyous harmony through ether fields to thrill ;
 When over lofty precipices,
 The eagle hovering spreads his ample wing ;
 When over broad plains, over seas,
 The crane his homeward flight doth wing.

Magnus.

Strange fancies too, sometimes my hours of leisure please,
 But I never felt impulses such as these.
 Of fields and woods one very soon gets tired,
 And wings of bird I really never envied.

How differently we two cull enjoyment, [ment ;
 When from book to book, from page to page is our employ-
 Then dull midnight for you is bland and beautiful,
 And blissful thoughts rejoice your thrilling frame ;
 And when you but unfold a parchment scroll,
 All Heaven itself descends your soul t'inflame.

Faust.

One impulse only it is yours to feel,
 Oh, never seek the other one to know !
 Two souls, alas ! within my bosom dwell,
 That from each other, far apart would go.
 The one close to the earth would ever cling,
 With the grappling hooks of tender inclinations ;
 The other dashes with gigantic spring,
 Through ether fields of noble aspirations.
 Oh, let each thought to the belief now tend,
 That ruling spirits hover in the air !
 And let but one from the gold haze descend,
 Me far aloft, to a new life to bear !
 Oh, were some fairy mantle only mine !—
 Wherewith to happy lands I fain would flee—
 The costliest raiment would but glimmering shine,
 And royal robes would have no charms for me.

Marguer.

The throngs invisible evoke them not,
 That ever stream in vaporous circles round !
 They come to us with many a danger fraught,
 On every side, on some fell message bound.
 Oft from the North the sharp-tooth'd spirits fly
 To pierce you with their arrow-pointed tongues ;
 Or from the East with parch'd lips they hie
 To suck the life-sap from your tender lungs.
 Oft from the South the messengers come forth,
 With feverish glow t'enflame ev'n th'unshaven crown ;
 And when they from the west come to refresh the earth,
 Yourself, and field, and meadow, in their floods they
 They lend a willing ear, because on mischief bent, [drown.
 And readily obey, for fain would they deceive ;
 And giving out from Heaven to be sent,
 Like angels lisp, that you may them believe,
 And when to falsehood they are most inclin'd.
 But let us hence, for evening mists are blent

With the air now, damp—chilling, and unkind,
And thoughts of home at even cheer the languid mind !
But, with astonishment why do you gaze?
And what does thus surprise you in the haze?

Faust.

Do you see that black dog, through seed & stubble roaming?

Wagner.

I saw him sometime since, even before the gloaming,
Some mongrel cur he seems, and nothing to surprise,

Faust.

What can it be?—look again with sharper eyes !

Wagner.

He seems some poodle that has gone astray,
Scenting his master's footprints after his own way.

Faust.

Perceive you not how in curves spiral,
He now approaches near, and nearer still?
Nay, streaks of fire I verily believe
To see close winding at his very tail.

Wagner.

A black poodle's all I can perceive ;
Your eyes in this case probably deceive.

Faust.

Around us magic loops, slowly he seems to wind,
Wherewith in future he will surely bind.

Wagner.

He only seems around us, in fear and doubt, to bound,
Since he has not his master, but two strangers found.

Faust.

He's nearer now, the circle is much narrower.

Wagner.

No ghost it is, but a black dog that you see there.
He snarls and hesitates, and on his belly lies,
And wags his tail—no dog does otherwise.

Faust.

Come Rover here, and be our guest !

Wagner.

He is a gamesome comrade at least.
If you stand still, he faithful watch will keep ;
Address him, and with joy he'll forward leap.
Whate'er you lose, back he will quickly bring,
And for your stick into the water spring.

Faust.

Of being a ghost the poodle gives no sign ;
He only seems well train'd, so it was all moonshine.

Wagner.

The dog when well-bred and sagacious,
Will favour find with minds capacious.
Indeed your favour he has merited,
For by the students, he was surely bred.

[They pass in at the gate of the town.]

SCENE III.—FAUST'S STUDY.

Faust (entering with the poodle)

Meadow and field I've left so charming,
Now shrouded by the veil of night ;
With reverend awe my soul is warming
To aspirations of delight :
No more impell'd to daring deeds, or
To thoughts offending innocence,
For fellow-man and the creator,
My bosom glows with love intense.

Have done now, poodle, scampering away !
What makes thee snuffling, thus upon the threshold run ?
Go quietly there behind the stove, I pray !
My softest cushion thou'lt lie on.
Since, when the mountain-path we were descending,
Thy gambols frolicsome our heart delighted,
Now as my guest receive all kind attending,
For unobtrusiveness invited.

Oh, when again, in this close cell,
The lamp doth burn with friendly sheen,
Within our bosom joy doth dwell,
The heart then speaks with calm serene :
Once more we hear sage reason's voice,
And joyous hope then chirps and sings ;
Fain would we by life's rills rejoice,
By life's pure, sparkling, gurgling springs.

Growl not so poodle ! for the thoughts that rise
Within my inmost soul, with awe elated,
With thy vile yelpings are but badly mated.
To well I know it ! that mankind despise

That which they do not understand;
That at The Good, with Holy Beauty fraught,
They snarl and growl, because they love it not,
And does the poodle lend a helping hand?

Alas, that from my breast, with the best inclination,
Contentment's holy springs will give no emanation!
Why should so soon the source be void and dry,
That parch'd with thirst again we panting lie?
We learn to prize the supernatural,
And long, by revelation, to be edified,
Whose glowing light, with truth and wisdom blent,
Shines no where with such beauty as in the testament.
Fain would I scan the blest original,
Once more to turn it with a pure intent,

Into the German I do love so well. *[opens the book.]*

"In the beginning was the Word!" I read,
But here my pen must slacken in its speed,
"The Word" of such great import I cannot think indeed. }

If 'tis the Spirit that assists without delay,
I think 'tis best to turn it in this other way:

"In the beginning was the Sense"!

Now ponder well again on the first sentence,
And let your quill fantastic be not too elate!

Does Sense all things pervade, and them create?

"In the beginning was the Power"! I fain would write,
But yet I feel I must again indite;

The Spirit aids me, in the hour of need,

Consol'd I write: "In the beginning was the Deed!"

Now poodle leave off howling,

And barking and growling!

I cannot be hospitable,

If thou art not peaceable!

Such a troublesome chum

Must not stop in my room,

If thy noise thou wilt not stay,

One of us must away,

And it no way beseems

Me to I go to extremes,

With the door open standing,

No one needs commanding.

But what do I see?
 Is it reality?
 Or a shadow of night
 To fill with affright?
 How long and broad the beast appears!
 How powerfully from the ground uprears!
 What hideous phantom hath usurp'd my dwell-
 It is no dog the thing that follow'd us, [ing!
 'Tis like the huge-mouth'd hippopotamus,
 With flaming eyes and teeth to fear compelling.
 What thou art will soon be understood,
 For such a half hellish brood,
 Solomon's key will be good,

Spirits. [*in the passage outside.*

Inside one is caught
 But follow him not!
 An old lynx of hell,
 Like a fox in the fell
 Gripe of the gin,
 Is writhing within.
 Now have a care,
 To flit every where,
 Up and down, here and there!
 Him ye must cherish,
 Nor let his art perish!
 For with strenuous endeavour,
 He does many a favour.

The first thing requir'd the beast to overpower,
 Is to pronounce the sentence of the four:

Salamander glow here!

Undine twist!

Sylph, disappear!

Kobold assist!

Who cannot assign
 To each element,
 Its mission divine,
 And secret intent,
 No power yet inherits,
 Over the spirits.

In flames hotly gleaming,
 Disappear Salamander !
 A murmuring rill streaming,
 Undine meander !
 In the meteor's bright sheen,
 Sylph ye may vanish !
 Incubus, incubus,
 Let not the house languish !
 Now advance and close the scene !

None of the four
 Resides in the beast ;
 He grins at me sore
 Nor moves in the least ;
 I've not yet harm'd him,
 Nor ev'n alarm'd him.
 Thou shalt hear an exorcising,
 Beyond all despising !
 Art thou, fellow,
 A fugitive of Hell ? oh,
 Then look at this sign,
 With impress divine,
 To which the black legions,
 In the dark regions,
 Bow in obedience. }

Already with hair bristling, he swells up elated.

Thou to perdition fated !
 Art thou to read able
 The great uncreated,
 The glorious ineffable ?
 Pervading, on high,
 The fathomless sky,
 Who inherited

Audacious piercings unmerited.

Behind the stove quickly sent,
 Like a huge elephant,
 The ugly brute, with its size,
 The whole place occupies.
 In a thick vaporous cloud,
 He will my cell all enshroud.

Do not be stealing
 Up to the ceiling !
 At my feet now lie down,
 Or thy master will frown !
 Thou knowest I can put in practice what I name.
 I'll singe thee with the very holiest flame.
 Wait not for the sight
 Of the thrice glowing light !
 Wait not feel
 My most terrible spell !

Mephistopheles.

(come forward as the mist subsides, in the dress of a travelling student)

What's all the noise about ?—What may thy pleasure be ?

Faust.

Is it the poodle's kernel that which now I see ?
 A travelling scholar ? 'Tis a humorous transformation.

Mephistopheles.

My learned friend, I greet thee with esteem,
 Thou spar'd'st me not a violent perspiration.

Faust.

Thy name ?

Mephistopheles.

To me such a request does really paltry seem,
 From one who holds the word in such disdain,
 And who, for outward shew can no respect retain,
 But in the depths of being, truth's pure gems would gain. }

Faust.

With gentlemen like you, the name gives information,
 What may be your genius, and what your vocation,
 And that may then be easily understood,
 When you are call'd Destroyer, Liar, or Flygod.
 What then art thou ?

Mephistopheles.

A portion of that might [light.
 That ever would the bad, but brings the good always to

Faust.

Of these words obscure, what may be the explanation ?

Mephistopheles.

I am the spirit that lives ever in negation,
 And who justly maintains that all things created
 Are only worthy be annihilated,
 And therefore better had they never been.

And all to which thou givest the name of sin,
Or of destruction, and in short, all wickedness
Is my native element of contentedness.

Faust.

Thou callest thyself a part, while I the whole behold

Mephistopheles.

The modest truth I but to thee unfold,
Since man—that little world of fools—believes
Himself to be a whole, and thus himself deceives.
Part of that part I am, which at first was all,
Part of that Darkness which did Light to being call ;
The haughty Light that now usurps the room,
His mother Night once held in undisputed gloom ;
But he'll not successful be, thereto whatever strength he
For to bodies he must ever cling ; [bring,
From bodies he proceeds—bodies make him fair ;
A body obstructs him in his swift career ;
So, soon fulfill'd the hope I love to cherish,
I'll surely see—with bodies he will perish.

Faust.

Now I understand thy worthy duties well,
Thou canst nought destroy on an extended scale,
But fain wouldst try thy hand a little in detail.

Mephistopheles.

But after all I've not successful been.
What is of nothingness the counter part,
This something, this unwieldy world I mean,
As far as yet I've tried my subtle art,
Is still unscath'd as it was heretofore ; [trest,
And though with billows, tempests, storms and fire dis-
And with earthquakes that shake its inmost core,
Earth and sea always subside again to rest.
And as for man and brute, that vile accursèd brood,
To try to master them is not the slightest good.
What millions have I not buried in every age,
Yet still there circulates a newer, fresher blood ;
A state of things to make one wild with rage.
The air, the water, and the earth,
A thousand germs and buds brings ever forth,
In every change of air and sky,
When warm or cold, when wet or dry ;
And had I not for my own use the flames retain'd,

Nothing apart for me would have remain'd.

Faust.

Then, that eternal motion from inertness wrench'd,
Creative power benign, thou ever wouldst assail—
Thy demon fist with malice ever clench'd,
Happily without avail!
Go, try thy skill at some better thing,
Thou of Chaos, the wonderful offspring!

Mephistopheles.

When we meet upon the next occasion,
We'll give this subject more consideration;
But for the present, to depart, pray, give me leave!

Faust.

Why permission thou shouldst ask I cannot conceive.
But since thy personal acquaintance I have made,
Thy entrance and thy exit never shall be stay'd;
And when thy visit thou art pleas'd to renew,
Here is both door and window, and the chimney-flue.

Mephistopheles.

Well, I must confess,
That out I cannot pass,
The Druid's foot is on thy threshold there.

Faust.

So, the pentagramm can over thee prevail?
Now only tell me, thou sad son of Hell,
Since it aggrieves thee, how then didst thou dare
To enter here, my company to share,
Even crafty as thou art, forgetting thus the spell?

Mephistopheles.

'Tis not correctly drawn, look at it well,
The angle that points outward, you will find,
Is not exactly at the apex join'd.

Faust.

Well, accident has not in this case been unkind,
My prisoner here, verily art thou?
This time, for once, Fortune has not been blind.

Mephistopheles.

The poodle unwittingly leap'd in, I must avow;
And now the thing requires a little "nous"
For the Devil himself can't get out of the house.

Faust.

Out of the window, why not try to go?

Mephistopheles.

It is a law of ghosts and devils too,
Where they stepp'd in, their exit must be found,
We're free the one to choose, but by the other bound.

Faust.

Then Hell itself has got its code of laws,
Well, that indeed I think is very good !
Supposing with you gentlemen that one had cause
To make a pact, you'd keep it with exactitude ?

Mephistopheles.

Our promises would be like a solemn declaration,
Nor you of one tittle, would we try to cheat ;
However that requires a lengthen'd explanation,
We'll talk of that when next we soon shall meet ;
But for this time, I really must entreat
To be allow'd to mind my other beat.

Faust.

A little longer, pray, do now remain !
Thou couldst no doubt, amusing tales narrate.

Mephistopheles.

For the present let me go ; I'll soon be back again,
And what will please thee, I shall then relate.

Faust.

I really did not try t'ensnare thee here this night,
Thou didst thyself entrap, though cunning as a snake ;
Who's caught the Devil once, let him hold him tight !
A second time he'll be too wide-awake.

Mephistopheles.

Well if that's thy pleasure, in thy company,
I now have no objection here to stay,
Provided that I have full liberty,
Worthily the hours to cheer, in my artistic way.

Faust.

- Do as beseems thee, that I'll not refuse,
- Provided that thy art is one that can amuse.

Mephistopheles.

Friend, my artistical employment
Tends only to encrease enjoyment ;
And one sole hour, beyond all measure,
Than one whole year, will give thee pleasure.
'The songs the airy spirits sing,
The beauteous imagery they bring,

Is not a piece of empty conjuring.
 Thy smell and taste they will delight,
 With scents and viands exquisite,
 And overpower each feeling quite.
 The thing requires no previous preparation,
 Here are we all, begin the operation !

Spirits.

Oh, vanish ye gloomy
 Arch'd ceilings on high !
 And let in the roomy
 Expanse of the sky !
 So genial in hue—
 So charmingly blue.
 Oh, were but the darkling
 Grey clouds dissipated !!!
 Lo starlets are sparkling,
 With joy elevated !
 Rejoicing creating—
 With splendour claring—
 Suns lovely and clear
 In radiance appear.
 'Mid swift corruscations,
 With soft undulations,
 Forms airy and light
 From regions celestial,
 Fill now with delight,
 The vision terrestrial—
 Inviting orations
 Of soft inclinations,
 And vestments ethereal
 In lightness aerial,
 To the breeze muttering,
 With ribbons are fluttering—
 Rejoicing each field
 Enamell'd with flowers,
 And entering to gild
 Retreats in the bowers,
 Where fond lovers gladd'ning,
 See years never sadd'ning,
 But share with devotion
 Each tender emotion,
 Where bow'r joining bow'r

Delighteth each hour,
 Lo ! tendrils entwining
 Are budding and shining !
 And grapes pale and blushing.
 With juiciness flushing,
 Fill the ample recesses
 Of crushing wine-presses ;
 In rivulets rushing,
 The sweet foaming wine,
 Over precious stones gushing,
 Sheds virtue divine ;
 To hills sweetly scenting
 Farewell ! comes the voice,
 But round lakes fermenting
 Make the green hills rejoice.
 And the feather'd creation
 Enjoy exultation,
 As sun-ward they fly,
 To the isles of the sky
 Which sportive are playing,
 Where wavelets are straying ;
 And hark, how in chorus,
 They sing gladly o'er us,
 As over the meadows,
 They cast their grey shadows.
 And all with delight
 Prize the sun's genial light ;
 Some gaily are skimming
 Over hillocks and brakes,
 And others are swimming
 O'er the surface of lakes ;
 In blissful existence
 All hover and flutter,
 Then away in the distance
 Where loving stars glitter !—
 Ever finding employment
 In raptur'd enjoyment.

Mephistopheles.

He sleeps ! well done ye airy sprites !
 He has succumb'd to your delights !
 Ye tender youths for this concert,
 I give you thanks with all my heart.

**To hold the Devil tight, not yet the man thou art !
In dreams, let him see forms of beauty in profusion,
And sink him deeply in an ocean of delusion !
But now to break this ground-sill's spell,
A rat must come and nibble well.
I don't require a lengthy conjuration,
I hear one rustling in the room, he'll come at my vocation.**

The lord of rats and of mice,
Of flies, frogs, bugs, and lice,
Commands you, without fear
To come forward, and dare
This threshold to gnaw,
Nor your bitings to spare,
Till he gets over there,
For such is the law.

When he tips it with oil,
Take care you don't foil
Him, but crawl, hop, and spring,
And you'll soon do the thing !

Now here we are ready,
Be active and steady!

The point that had the power to master us upon't,
Is on the threshold's edge, just there in front.
It will quickly be all over, with another little bite,
So, Faust dream on till I come back, I need not say
good night! [exit.

Faust.

Have I been then a second time deceived?

Does thus the throng of spirits disappear?

Was it a dream that made it be believed,

That a black poodle ran off, and that the Devil was here?

ACT. II.

SCENE. 1.—FAUST'S STUDY.

FAUST.—MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust.

A Knock ! Come in ! Some troublesome intruder this.

Mephistopheles.

'Tis I.

Faust.

Come in

Mephistopheles.

Say it thrice and thou'lt not miss.

Faust.

Well, then come in !

Mephistopheles.

With acquiescence I can pleasèd be.

I hope together we shall both agree !

Thy whims and fancies to dispel,

Like a brave knight I'll serve thee well,

In jerkin neatly made and red,

With gold facings laced,

A cloak that wear and tear may bilk,

Made of strong substantial silk,

Chanticleer's plume my hat upon,

Besides a long sharp-pointed sword,

And thou'lt do well upon my word,

A dress like this too to put on ;

For then untrammell'd gay and free,

Thou'lt see the world and life with me.

Faust.

Whatever dress I wear the pain intense

I'll feel of this sad worldly existence.

I am too old with play my limbs to tire,
 And yet too young to be without desire.
 "Thou must dispense with all, indeed, indeed"
 This is the song that all must hear
 Dinn'd for ever in their ear;
 And through life each hour of fleeting time
 The lay doth hoarsely ever chime.
 I wake in anguish when the fresh'ning dawn appears,
 And fain would shed the bitterest tears
 To think that, when the day its tedious course has run,
 It will not have gratified one single wish, not one;
 But every pleasing anticipation
 With carping selfishness doth even condemn—
 The exuberance of my bosom's agitation
 With a thousand mockeries of life doth stem.
 And when dull night again resumes his reign,
 With outstretch'd limbs upon my couch I lie,
 But no repose will come to soothe my pain,
 For then the wildest dreams will terrify.
 The god that in my bosom ever stays
 Can deeply agitate my inmost soul;
 O'er all my powers with sovereign rule he sways,
 But things external he cannot control.
 Existence is to me a grievous load to bear;
 And life detestable, would death were but my share!

Mephistopheles.

Yet death a hearty welcome never finds.

Faust.

Happy the man renown'd on glory's field, [binds;
 When Death the bleeding wreath around his temples
 Or he who madly through the dance has reel'd
 In some fair maid's embraces to expire.
 When the Great Spirit then avail'd my soul to bless,
 Would I had sunk enraptur'd into lifelessness.

Mephistopheles.

Yet the brown sap upon a certain night to drink,
 Some one check'd his first desire.

Faust.

To play the spy is thy amusement too, I think.

Mephistopheles.

It may be so ;
I'm not omniscient, but much I really know.

Faust.

If from those dread fancies when my brain was reeling,
The sweet familiar strains could turn my thoughts away,
And all that still remain'd of childish feeling,

With early remembrances they could betray ;
Then let me curse all those things that the soul

With juggling deceptiveness entice,
And would confine it in this narrow hole.

By force of shams and blinds and specious flatteries !
And first of all I curse the lofty sentiments

With which the mind itself to trammel does not disdain !
I curse the dazzling delusions of appearance

That have the power our senses to constrain !
I curse all the false semblances of dreams,

The fraud of glory, and a lasting name !
And even the vain possession that so flattering seems,
That we in wife or child, in hind or plough may claim !

A curse on Mammon when with gold's fascination,
He urges us to daring deeds ;

Or when, for indolent delectation,
He smoothes the pillow for our heads !

A curse on the grape's juice when balmy to perfection !
A curse upon the ties of tender affection !

On faith and hope may the curse also fall,
But a curse on patience even more than all !

Chorus of invisible spirits.

Woe ! woe !
Thou hast destroy'd
This beautiful world—
Into perdition hurl'd
It in evil hour,
With all conquering power !
A demigod deliver'd
The blow that has shiver'd
It, ruthless and fell !
Now over there
The fragments we bear

Where nothing doth dwell,
 And we deplore
 The beauty that is no more.
 Thou of more powerful will
 Than of earth the offspring,
 More splendidly still
 Raise again the building !
 In thy bosom erect it anew !
 And, with unsullied sense,
 The race of existence
 Once more renew !
 And new songs thou shalt hear
 Thy efforts to cheer !

Mephistopheles.

The little ones to me belong
 That have given us this song.
 Hark, how beyond measure,
 To action and pleasure,
 They slyly advise thee,
 And fain would entice thee
 Into the world wide,
 Nor longer to abide
 In that solitary state,
 Where thy sap and thy senses stagnate.

With sore vexation 'tis no use to play always,
 That like a vulture on thy vitals preys.
 The worst society will make thee feel
 That being a man with men thou needs must dwell.
 Yet I do not mean
 To thrust thee among vulgar men.
 One of the great I don't pretend to be ;
 But if in partnership with me,
 To jog through life thou wilt agree,
 I shall not grumble at my lot
 Thine to be upon the spot.
 In me a comrade thou wilt have
 To make for thee things nice and square ;
 I'll be thy servant and thy slave,
 And at thy elbow everywhere !

Faust.

But in what way shall I return the obligation?

Mephistopheles.

Oh, to thy pay-day we'll grant a lengthy prorogation.

Faust.

No, no, no!

The Devil is an egotist I know,

And will not easily, for the love of God,

Exert himself to do another good.

Tell me explicitly each condition;

An unpaid servant is a dangerous acquisition.

Mephistopheles.

I'll bind myself in thy service to stay,

Without rest or repose night and day at thy beck to be,

Provided when we meet over the way,

Thou'lt serve me with the same fidelity.

Faust.

Of Over There I little fear retain; [fell,

And were this world to atoms shiver'd by some demon

Another then may take its place again.

From this world only all my pleasures well,

And on my sorrows yonder sun doth shine;

And away from it should I once be ta'en,

What may then befall will be no concern of mine;

And more to hear of it I should disdain—

To know whether men in future hate or love,

Or if in yonder spheres also,

There's an Above

And a Below.

Mephistopheles.

Thou mayst risk it in this sense.

Bind thyself; in a few days thou'lt see,

With great delight the marvels of my science;

And what no man has seen that I'll give to thee.

Faust.

To give what can a poor devil like thee pretend?

Had ever the like of thee power to comprehend

To what a noble elevation,

The mind of man can soar in each lofty aspiration?

If thou canst give the food that never satisfies;

The ruddy gold that findeth never rest,
 But like quicksilver in the hand that lies,
 Will glide away the more 'tis firmly prest ;
 A game to play at which will ruin bring ;
 A maid who to my breast will fondly cling,
 And there ponder how she can my love betray
 With the neighbour that lives across the way ;
 Of honour even the supreme delight,
 That meteor-like will vanish from the sight ;
 Shew me the fruit that ere 'tis ripe will putrefy—
 The trees that the green leaves will daily beautify !

Mephistopheles.

To undertake all that I've not the slightest fear.
 On thee such treasures I can even bestow.
 But my good friend the time will soon draw near
 When cool and quietly we may wassailing go.

Faust.

Should I ever on a couch in peace repose my head,
 Oh let me then be number'd with the dead !
 Canst thou with lying flatteries me so far deceive
 That I could feel I tasted sweet contentedness—
 That I enjoy'd this world's soothing blessedness,
 Oh then for me, let that be the last day !
 I offer thee the wager !

Mephistopheles.

Done !

Faust.

My hand at once, come what may !

If ever I should to that moment say—
 "So beautiful thou art, a little longer stay !"
 Then I'll care not who me with chains may bind ;
 Nor if I and my little all to ruin be consign'd ;
 Then let the church-bell toll my funeral knell !
 Then from my service thou too wilt be free.
 The clock may stop and handless fail the hours to tell,
 Let time be then no more for me !

Mephistopheles.

We shall not forget the terms, consider well !

Faust.

Thou hast thereto the fullest right.
 So much I've not presum'd with idle petulance.

In what I do persist I'm an obsequious wight,
Whether to thee or others is of no consequence.

Mephistopheles.

I shall my duties, all as faithful servant,
At the doctor's feast fulfil this very day ;
But as accidents may happen one thing I only want,
Just a line or two for more security.

Faust.

A written document dost thou require pedant ?
Hast thou yet known no man, nor of man the word ?
Is it not enough that the promise thou hast heard
Shall with my years in mastery for ever be conjoin'd ?
While the frantic world in all its streams still onward rolls,
Should a promise thus have power to bind ?
Yet the delusion is imprinted on our souls,
And to free himself therefrom who would feel inclin'd ?
Happy the man in whose pure bosom truth doth dwell ;
No sacrifice he'll ever have to rue !
But a parchment scroll sign'd and stamp'd as well
Is a phantom that all men eschew.
In the pen the word doth even expire ;
The mastery is in wax and leather when we indite.
From me, thou wicked spirit, what dost thou desire ?
Brass or marble, parchment scroll or paper ?
Shall I write with pen, or style or graver ?
Thy choice I give thee without hesitation.

Mephistopheles.

How canst thou with thy long declamation,
Thus warmly fall into exaggeration ?
Any scrap of paper will be good ;
Only sign thy name with a little drop of blood.

Faust.

To this piece of folly I have no objection,
If such a thing can give thee satisfaction.

Mephistopheles.

Blood is a juice in every way exceptional.

Faust.

Thou must not fear that I shall break this bond.
The latent energies of my whole soul
Is just what in my promise will be found.

I have myself puff'd up with too much elation ;
 And now belong to thy unenvied station.
 The Great Spirit thrust me back disdainfully ;
 And nature's portals are now clos'd for me.
 Reflection's sacred thread is rent in twain ;
 It has been long disgusting after knowledge to enquire.
 Then in sensuality's deep drain,
 Let me quench wild passion's glowing fire !
 In spheres unexplor'd of magical illusion,
 Let all wonders be preparèd in profusion !
 Into time's rushing floods now let me dash !
 Into the rolling waters of adventures rash !
 The let pain or delectation,
 Success or vexation.
 Interchange with each other as they may—
 In restlessness alone is man's activity.

Mephistopheles.

There is prescrib'd to thee neither measure nor limit.
 Everywhere thou canst something snatch,
 And in flying by something catch.
 I wish thee joy of everything that promises delight ;
 Only grasp at all without faint-heartedness !

Faust.

I tell thee 'tis not pleasure I desire on this occasion.
 I dedicate myself to all reeling excess—
 To hatred with enchantment, and rejoicing with vexation.
 Longings for knowledge in my bosom have long ceas'd to
 Then every kind of pain let it now be mine to feel ! [dwell,
 And all that is apportion'd to the human race,
 Within my inmost being let it have a place ! [embrace—
 With my whole soul let me the greatest heights and depths
 Let all their weal and woe on my head be heapèd—
 And to embrace their being let my own being be dilated !
 And then the only wish left me to cherish,
 Will be with them, and like them too to perish.

Mephistopheles.

Oh, believe me who, for many a thousand year,
 Have been chewing the cud of this hard fare,
 That, from the cradle to the grave of rest,
 No man can this leaven old and sour digest.

For once believe me that this whole
Is only for a god created.
Into darkness He has brought us all ;
For thee alone is day with night associated.

Faust.

But I will.

• *Mephistopheles.*

To that we may give ear.

But one thing only makes me fear ;
Thy time is short and art long here.
I suppose thou still wouldst take advice.
Press a poet into thy service !
Tell the gentleman in Fancy's wings to soar,
And to renown to give thee a few lifts—
The quintessence of the noblest gifts
Upon thy honour'd pate to pour—
That the lion's courage thou dost possess,
And of the deer the nimbleness,
The Italians fiery blood,
And of the North the hardihood,
Let him the secret also find
How greatness of soul can with cunning be conjoin'd ;
And how with the hot impulses of youth,
Thou canst make love by the line and rule of truth.
Such a blade's acquaintance would interest even us,
And we should call him Nicolas Microcosmus.

Faust.

What fate will mine be in the end,
If all my efforts should be vain,
Humanity's bright crown to gain,
To which all my strivings only tend ?

Mephistopheles.

In that case what thou art thou wilt still remain.
Put on wigs with a million curls or more,
Or place thy feet in buskins an ell high in measure,
Still thou wilt always be what thou wert before.

Faust.

Too well I feel it, that in vain of every treasure
Of the human mind I have gain'd possession,
To no new power will my inmost being give expression ;

I cannot add one hair even to my stature,
And to the infinite I am no nearer.

Mephistopheles.

My good sir, of things thou takest the same view
That all thinking people do.
We must our measures better take,
Ere the time comes when life's joys we must forsake.
The deuce ! is not each foot and hand,
With head and paunch at thy command ?
And what with pleasure I enjoy
Is that then not my property ?
And if six horses I possess
Is mine their six-horse power the less ?
I dash along and my own importance feel,
As if I had myself twenty four legs as well.
Let all moping now have had its day,
And straight with me into the world away !
I tell thee that a man to speculation given
Is like a brute upon a barren heath, with tether bound
By some wicked spirit, and in a circle driven,
While pastures green and beautiful are lying all around.

Faust.

How shall we set about it ?

Mephistopheles.

We'll set out now.

Well, this is a place for martyrdom I must avow !
What kind of life canst thou enjoy,
The precious hours thus to employ,
Thyself and pupils not to please,
But from day to day to tease ?
Leave all that to greedy neighbour maw !
Why shouldst thou sacrifice thyself in thrashing straw ?
Even the things in which true wisdom lies,
Thou must be careful not to tell the boys.
In the passage I hear one of them.

Faust.

It is impossible for me to see him.

Mephistopheles.

The poor young man has long been waiting.
So he must have a patient hearing.

Give me here thy cap and gown !

The mask will well become me when put on.

[He changes his dress.]

Leave this little matter now to my ability.

I'll manage it with great facility.

I only want a short quarter of an hour.

Meanwhile prepare thyself for our pleasant tour.

[Exit Faust.]

Mephistopheles. *(in Faust's gown.)*

Reason and science only now dispise,

In which the greatest power of mankind lies ;

Let thyself with magic shams and blinds and vain derisions .

By the spirit of lies be strengthen'd and consol'd,

And I am sure to have thee ev'n without conditions.

Fate has endow'd him with a soul which uncontroll'd

Heedlessly must ever onward press,

In unremitting restlessness ;

And which in its strivings hasty beyond measure,

Overleapeth of the earth each passing pleasure.

Him will I drag through the wild turmoil of this life,

Where vapid unmeaningness shall for him be rife.

I'll often leave him in the lurch,

And helpless as a mouse in church.

Through being foil'd I'll often make him stare,

And stick sprawling in the mud ere he's half aware.

And for his insatiate appetite,

Before his craving lips shall dangle the fare

That he can neither sip nor bite.

In vain refreshment will he oft beseech,

For that shall never be within his reach ;

And had he not himself into the Devil's hands resign'd.

Unto perdition still he must have been consign'd.

[Enter a Student.]

Student.

I came here a few days ago,

And now with awe stand in your presence ;

The man I fain would wish to speak with and to know,

Whom all name with respect and reverence.

Mephistopheles.

I thank you for your civil predilection.

You see but a man as you have many seen.

Have you already made elsewhere application?

Student.

I respectfully solicit your favour and protection.

I come with the best inclination,

A good disposition, and coin in moderation.

My mother with reluctance gave me leave to roam,

But something good I'd like to learn away from home.

Mephistopheles.

To the right place you happen to have come,

Student.

Indeed if I the truth must say,

I'd like to go again away,

Nor any longer here to stay.

All is confin'd within these halls—

Nought to be seen but dingy walls—

Nothing that the eye can please—

Neither green grass nor lofty trees ;

And in these lecture rooms, and on these benches,

I lose my hearing, sight, and sober senses.

Mephistopheles.

All that on custom but depends.

A babe does not at the first,

'Take kindly to its mother's breast ;

But very soon to make amends,

'Tis only there where it will rest.

Thus, when once to Wisdom's breasts thou'lt cling,

Each day will greater pleasure bring.

Student.

Upon her neck I fain would hang with joy sincere ;

But tell me by what means I can get there.

Mephistopheles.

Ere farther we proceed it will not be out of place,

To let me know what faculty you'd like to embrace.

Student.

I'd like to be a learned man—

To know a great deal if I can

Of things in Heaven and on the earth below,

Of science and of nature too.

Mephistopheles.

Into the right tract you have truly come,

But don't allow yourself to deviate therefrom.

Student.

With heart and soul I do embrace the high vocation ;
But notwithstanding it would give me pleasure,
To be allow'd some liberty and relaxation
At summer festive-tide—some hours of joyous leisure.

Mephistopheles.

Employ time well, it does away so quickly spin.
Yet regularity will teach you time to win.
Therefore, dear friend, to my advice now stick,
Let your first study be a course of logic !
Thus with training will your mind be grac'd,
And in Spanish boots tightly lac'd ;
So that reflecting with exactitude severe,
It will guide the thoughts in their career :
Nor let them Will-o-the-Wisp'ing fly
To and fro—aslant, awry.
You'll then be taught for many a day,
That to accomplish what in your own way,
You us'd to do, yourself to please,
At once and with quite as much ease,
As when you fed your appetite,
One—two—three will be requisite.
For let us to thoughts' manufacture come,
'Tis like a masterpiece upon the loom ;
With one treadle you will find
In motion a thousand threads conjoin'd.
Swiftly the shuttle flies to and fro,
Invisibly the threads all flow,
And a thousand ties one stroke will bind.
The learned sage steps forward then,
Who will to you the whole explain.
The first was so—the second so,
The third and fourth must be so too ;
And had the first and second not been there,
The third and fourth would have been nowhere.
Scholars prize everywhere this clear wisdom,
But have not weavers yet become.
He who would living things describe and fathom well,
Tries first the spirit to expel ;

Then all the parts lie in his hand,
 Unhappily without the spiritual band.
 Encheiresis Naturæ it is nam'd by Chemistry,
 She befools herself nor knows the reason why.

Student.

The reasoning does not seem to me quite clear.

Mephistopheles.

You'll get on better after, never fear,
 When you have learn'd analyzation,
 And of all things the classification.

Student.

All that confuses so my head,
 As if a mill-wheel were turning round inside.

Mephistopheles.

And then, before aught else you learn,
 Let metaphysics have a turn !
 Into the depths of things descend,
 That no man's brains can comprehend ;
 For that which can or cannot therein be conceiv'd,
 A splendid word will be believ'd.
 But first of all, for this half year,
 To be very regular have a care.
 For your attendance daily five lectures are assign'd ;
 And when the clock strikes never be behind !
 Prepare yourself well beforehand,
 Each paragraph at your command ;
 And then you'll not require to look
 If what is said is in the book.
 Be likewise diligent in writing,
 As were the Holy Ghost inditing !

Student.

That you need not tell me twice ;
 I know of what avail it is.
 What we on black and white possess,
 We carry home with cheerfulness.

Mephistopheles.

Tell me now which faculty would suit you best !

Student.

For the law I think I have no taste.

Mephistopheles.

To that I cannot blame much your aversion.
I know the inns and outs of that profession.
In succession right and law descend,
Like a hereditary disease that comes never to an end.
They ever glide from race to race,
And softly steal from place to place.
Reason then becomes nonsense,
And a plague benevolence.
But woe to you, should you a grandchild be !
The sense of right with which all are created,
Will in your case be quite obliterated.

Student.

You make me now dislike the law exceedingly.
Oh happy he whom you will deign to teach !
All knowledge then will be within his reach.
I think I'd like to try theology.

Mephistopheles.

I would not wish to lead your mind astray,
In respect of that which to this science appertains.
So hard it is to keep in the right way ;
And much of secret poison it contains,
Which scarcely can be known from medicine.
Tis best here too when one, one teacher only hears,
And to his doctrine ever fearless swears.
But above all to words stick fast,
And you'll get through the gates at last,
Which lead to Certainty's refulgent shrine.

Student.

Yet some idea must the word contain.

Mephistopheles.

Quite right ! but still one must not rack one's brain ;
For when our ideas fail,
A word in proper time will do as well.
You'll reason well, in words if skill'd,
With words you can a system build.
A word's the easiest thing one can believe ;
And of one iota you cannot a word bereave.

Student.

Pardon me for so long occupying your attention,
But one thing more I'd like to mention,

If medicine I fain from you,
 Would hear a pithy word or two.
 In three years little can be learned
 Of a science so extended ;
 But, with some previous introduction,
 We profit better by instruction.

Mephistopheles (aside.)

I'm tir'd of this dry stupid vein,
 So I must play the Devil again. [*Aloud.*
 The spirit of medicine is easily understood—
 You'll study through the great and little world by degrees,
 Until at length you give it up for good
 And all, as God may please.
 Scientifically you may rove in vain ;
 Every one learns only what he can ;
 But whoever can the pleasures of the present hour retain—
 Is the right man.
 Of assurance you have no doubt your share ;
 Only in yourself have confidence,
 And you'll be trusted everywhere.
 But more than all be a ladies' man !
 Their eternal ohs ! and ahs !
 And their thousand sobs and sighs,
 For which there's oft but little cause,
 From one point you can cure of you are wise ;
 And if your modesty but measures half a span,
 In a short time you'll have them all
 Under your thumb, both short and tall.
 But get a title first to give them confidence
 That in your profession you have gain'd pre-eminence,
 And then on you they'll place complete reliance ;
 And a cordial welcome you will find,
 And flattering privileges gain,
 For which others perchance have pin'd,
 Even for years to share, in vain.
 Their little pulse adroitly press,
 And then with looks of tenderness,
 Clasp them boldly round the waist,
 To see how tightly it is lac'd.

Student.

[*clearly see.*

There's is some sense in that ; the how and where one can

Mephistopheles.

Grey dear friend, is every theory,
But green is still of life the golden tree.

Student.

This indeed seems all a dream to me.
I would another interview from you beseech,
Even the depths to fathom of things you teach.

Mephistopheles.

To that as far as possible I shall agree.

Student.

Away I feel I cannot go
Without handing to you my album.
I hope on me me this favour you'll bestow.

Mephistopheles (*writes and gives it back.*)

With all my heart.

Student (*reads.*)

ERITES SICUT DEUS, SCIENTES BONUM ET MALUM.

He closes the book reverentially and takes his leave.

Mephistopheles.

Follow the old proverb and the serpent my relation,
And one day your god-like image will cause you
[consternation.]

Enter Faust.

Faust.

Now whither shall we go?

Mephistopheles.

Wherever it pleases thee,
First the little and then the great world to see.
With what advantage and delight,
Thou wilt go sponging day and night!

Faust.

But with this long beard I fear,
With little grace I can appear.
In the attempt I'm sure not to succeed.
In the world's ways I never well could speed;
I feel myself so small with others present,
That I am always in embarrassment.

Mephistopheles.

To thee my friend, all will in time be given. [know.
Have confidence in thyself, then the art of life thou'lt

Faust.

But out of the house how shall we go?
Thou hast neither coach nor horses, nor a servant even.

Mephistopheles.

Of all that we have no need,
Our mantle on the ground will spread,
And that will take us through the air.
But for this daring travelling,
Thou must no heavy bundle bring.
A little gas I shall prepare,
Aloft will bear us everywhere;
And when we're light we swiftly can ascend.
Success in this new life race, I wish to thee my friend.

SCENE. II.—AUERBACH'S CELLAR AT LEIPZIG.

A Drinking Party of Merry Companions.

Frosch.

Will no one drink and merry be?
I'll soon teach you to sit grinning there at me.
Why, you're all like wet straw to day;
At other times you burn and blaze away.

Brander.

That's your fault; you bring us nothing jolly;
No sottish trick, no stupid piece of folly.

Frosch

Throws a glass of wine over Brander's head.

There you have both!

Brander.

You double swine.

Frosch.

'Twas your desire, so take the joke and wine!

Siebel.

All those who quarrel let them be kick'd out!
With open lungs strike up the song, drink, and shout!
Hip, hip, hurra!

Altmayer.

In mercy, stop! the fellow must be mad.
Some cotton here! he splits my very head.

Siebel.

When through the vault the echoes ring,
Then we know how loud a good bass voice can sing.

Frosch.

If he can't take a joke out with the loon !

Ah ! tara lara da !

Altmayer.

Ah ! tara lara da !

Frosch.

Our throats are now in tune.

Sings.

The dear and holy Roman empire,
How does it hold together ?

Brander.

A nasty song. O fie a song political !
A sorry song ! Thank god, in every prayer,
That you have not the Roman empire in your care.
For my part 'tis for me a rich possession,
That I am neither chancellor nor emperor in succession.
But we must always have some head,
So we shall choose a pope instead.
You know the quality from observation,
That can turn the scale, and raise a man in estimation.

Frosch (*sings.*)

Sweet lady nightingale take wing,
A thousand greetings to my love to bring.

Siebel.

No greetings to the girl ; that I'll not allow.

Frosch.

A thousand kisses to the girl, you'll not prevent me now.

Sings.

Open bolts ! at stilly night,
When true love is in the way ;
Open bolts ! at stilly night ;
Shut the bolts ! at break of day.

Siebel.

Sing on, sing on, praise and exalt her name !
I'll laugh one day too,
When your turn will come to eat the rue.
She has jilted me and to you will do the same.
For her may some hobgoblin lover be allotted,

To jeer her grinning upon some cross-way !
 Or may some old goat that has from Blocksberg trotted,
 Bleat and leap around her good night to say.
 A brave young man, with true flesh and blood,
 Is for the wench by far too good.
 I will hear no more of greeting spoken,
 Unless it be that her skylights have been broken.

Brander (striking the table.)

Attention comrades, hear what I've to say !
 You'll all confess how to live I know the way ;
 Some of our friends that near us sit
 Have of love's folly had a fit ;
 And they, as to their state is meet,
 For their good night must have a treat.
 Now hear a song fresh from the mint ;
 And loudly join the chorus in't.

Sings.

There was a rat in the cellar-nest,
 That feasted on lard and butter,
 Until he grew as fat at least,
 As the Rev. Dr. Luther.
 The cook laid poison to vex him sore ;
 For it tweag'd and twing'd him more and more,
 As if love made his bones all ache.

Chorus.

As if love made his bones all ache.

Brander.

He neither in nor out could stay—
 With thirst for ever ailing ;
 At the house he gnaw'd and scratch'd away,
 But his rage was unavailing.
 He leap'd and frisk'd and leap'd again ;
 For the poor beast was writhing with pain,
 As if love made his bones all ache.

Chorus.

As if love made his bones all ache.

Brander.

Tormented sore at length one day,
 He ran into the kitchen—
 Fell on the hearth and struggling lay,
 And many a puff was fetchin'.

The wicked cook laugh'd at the sight,
 "Piping his last!—well serves him right,—
 As if love made his bones all ache."

Chorus.

As if love made his bones all ache.

Siebel.

How they laugh with glee the flats!
 It is indeed so very kind
 To scatter poison for poor rats.

Brander.

It seems to favour them you feel inclin'd.

Altmayer.

The potbelly with his bald pate!
 Misfortune makes him loth to tease;
 In the swollen rat he sees
 An image to the life of his honour'd state.

Enter Faust and Mephistopheles.

Mephistopheles (to Faust,)

Now before every other thing,
 Into merry company thee I now must bring!
 That thou mayst realize how easy life can be.
 To the people here each day brings gay festivity.
 With little wit and much content,
 They are ever dancing round in narrow circles,
 Just like kittens playing with their tails.
 And when of headache they make no complaint,
 And as long as mine host will give them credit,
 To their thoughtless enjoyment there is no limit.

Brander.

These two have on a journey been;
 From their strange appearance that is easily seen.
 'Tis not an hour since they came here.

Frosch.

You are quite right, Leipzig's the place for me;
 'Tis quite a little Paris, polish'd manners, and good cheer.

Siebel.

What do you take the strangers now to be?

Frosch.

Let me alone, and with a bumper,
 I worm from them all the truth—

The when and where, the how and wherefore.
 With nobility they seem a little scented,
 For they look proud and discontented.

Brander.

They are mountebanks I'll venture to bet.

Altmayer.

Perhaps!

Frosch.

Attention now, I'll smoke them!

Mephistopheles (to Faust.)

I never knew these people scent the Devil yet;
 If he had them by the throat he'd surely choke them!

Faust.

Gentlemen, our friendly greeting!

Siebel.

We thank you kindly, the same compliment repeating.

[Aside, looking askance at Mephistopheles.]

Why, does the fellow limp on one of his two feet?

Mephistopheles.

Can we be favour'd beside you with a seat?
 And since a good glass here we cannot buy,
 We shall your company all the more enjoy,

Altmayer.

You seem accustom'd to the best of fare.

Frosch.

You left Rippach no doubt at a late hour,
 And with Duke Humphrey first took supper there?

Mephistopheles.

We just pass'd by his door;
 But at our last interview,
 He talk'd a great deal of his cousins too,
 And sent his compliments to all, not forgetting you.

[He bows towards Frosch.]

Altmayer (softly.)

Now take that! he knows a thing or two.

Siebel.

A crafty blade, it would appear!

Frosch.

Oh, wait a bit!

You'll see I'll have him yet.

Mephistopheles.

The power is weak, but the pleasure plenty.

Altmayer.

Give us a song.

Mephistopheles.

As many as you will.

Siebel.

Give us one quite fresh from the anvil.

Mephistopheles.

We have just come back from Spain,
Where song and wine in glory reign.

Sings.

Once on a time there was a king
Who had a big fat flea.

Frosch.

A flea, a flea! did you hear it well?
A flea's a rogue I always like to kill.

Mephistopheles. *(sings.)*

Once on a time, there was a king
Who had a big fat flea;
He was his dearest darling,
Like an only son was he.
He sent for his tailor one day,
The tailor came with pleasure—
"The squire you must without delay,
For a suit and small-clothes measure."

Brander.

Don't forget to tell the man of stitches,
That he must make a perfect fit;
And, if he wants his head on his shoulders to sit,
That there must be no creases in the breeches.

Mephistopheles.

In silk and velvet he was dress'd;
With taste and elegance—
Wore cross and ribbons on his breast,
Like the noblest count in France.
Prime minister he soon was made,
And with a great star grac'd;
And every cousin that he had
At court was highly plac'd.

The lords and ladies at the court,
 Were sorely tormented ;
 And gnaw'd and stung were too, in short,
 The queen and her waiting maid. [them
 And durst not crack them, durst not scratch
 Off, by day or night ;
 But we can crack them when we catch them,
 And choke them when they bite.

Frosch.

Bravo, bravo ! that was capital.

Siebel.

So let all fleas be chok'd likewise !

Brander.

With tapering fingers nip them nice.

Altmayer.

To freedom and good wine all hail !

Mephistopheles.

To drink with you in freedom's honour too I'd have a
 If your wine were of a better kind. [mind,

Siebel.

You must not say that here twice.

Mephistopheles.

Did I not fear our landlord's hostility,
 I'd treat here every worthy guest,
 Of my cellar to the very best.

Siebel.

Then set to work, and I'll take the responsibility.

Frosch.

Get a good glass, and you shall have our praise ;
 But don't be stingy in your ways ;
 My judgment then is only cool,
 When my mouth of wine is full.

Altmayer.

They come from the Rhine it would appear.

Mephistopheles.

Get me a gimlet.

Brander.

What would you bore ?

Your barrels are not yet before the door.

Altmaier.

The landlord's tool-chest is just behind there.

Mephistopheles (*takes the gimlet*)

To Frosch.

No doubt you'd wish some of the best,
What is your taste?

Frosch.

What do you mean? have you so many kinds to offer?

Mephistopheles.

Everyone may have his choice.

Altmaier (*to Frosch.*)

Ah, ha! you lick your lips, you think your heart will
[soon rejoice,

Frosch.

Well, if I may choose, I should Rhine wine prefer.
Our Father land can the richest gifts display.

Mephistopheles.

bore a hole in the edge of the table where Frosch is setting.

Get a little wax and the stoppers we'll soon prepare!

Altmaier (*to Frosch.*)

I fear the whole is but a juggling trickster's play.

Mephistopheles (*to Brander.*)

And you?

Brander.

To champaign I give the preference,
And let it be in splendid effervescence.

Mephistopheles

Bores; one of the others has in the meantime prepar'd the wax-stoppers, and stopp'd the holes.

Brander.

With what is foreign one cannot always dispense;
The best of things come often from a distance;
A true German should all that is French eschew,
But in respect of wine I cannot therein be true.

Siebel.

As Mephistopheles approaches him.

I don't like acid wine, that I must say,
Give me a glass of something very sweet.

Mephistopheles (*bore.*)

For you will flow immediately the very best Tokay.

Altmaier.

No gentlemen, straight in the face look at me pray!

I see you're making game of us with this pretended treat.

Mephistopheles.

Oh, oh ! with such distinguish'd guests and so obliging,
I'd never think of such a daring thing.

Your taste now quickly let me know,

You'll have the best I can bestow.

Altmayer.

With any, only don't lose time in asking !

• After all the holes are bored and stopped,

Mephistopheles (with strange gestures.)

Grapes are what the vine doth bear ;

Horns are what the goat doth wear ;

The vine is wood, the grapes juicy and good ;

And wine can flow from a table of wood.

Into nature look sharply and you will perceive !

Here is a miracle, only believe !

Now draw the stoppers and enjoy your taste !

All.

As they draw the stoppers and the wine he has chosen runs into
each man's glass.

O fair stream of pure and sparkling wine !

Mephistopheles.

Now mind that not a drop upon the ground you waste !

[*They drink repeatedly.*

All (singing.)

This cannibal enjoyment is divine,

As if we were five hundred swine.

Mephistopheles.

The noble sons of freedom ! see, how they do enjoy it !

Faust.

Now I should like to go.

Mephistopheles.

Wait another moment, and thou'lt know,

How gloriously in brutishness they love to riot.

Sieble

Drinks carelessly ; the wine is spilt upon the ground and turns
to flame.

Help, help ! all Hell's on fire !

Mephistopheles (conjuring in the flames.)

Peace, friendly element, at my desire !

For this time 'twas but a drop of purgatory.

Siebel.

What does that mean? Just wait, and you'll pay dearly
It seems you do not know us yet. [for it!]

Frosch.

A second time just let him try it.

Altmayer.

It will I think be the best way,
To pack him quietly off without delay.
Sir, dare you place us in a fix
Here, with your hocus-pocus tricks?

Mephistopheles.

Hold your noise, you old wine-barrel!

Siebel.

You old broomstick you'd like to quarrel.

Brander.

Wait and the blows will on you rain!

Altmayer.

Draws a stopper from the table; fire flies out against him.

I burn, I burn!

Siebel.

Legerdemain!

Your knives now comrades quickly draw!
Make short work of the old outlaw!

[They draw their knives and fall upon Mephistopheles.]

Mephistopheles *(with solemn gestures.)*

False form and face!

Change time and place!

Be there, be here,

Appear, appear!

[They stand amas'd and gaze at each other.]

Altmayer.

Can I my eyes believe?

What a fine country!

Frosch.

Vineyards if I don't myself deceive.

Siebel.

See all around,

The grapes abound!

Brander.

Under this green vine,
The grapes how fine

[He seizes Siebel by the nose. The others do the same one with another, and brandish their knives.]

Wephistopheles (as before.)

Error! from their eyes the band unloose,
And mark how the Devil can himself amuse!

[He disappears with Faust. The toppers start back from one another.]

Siebel.

What's the matter?

Altmayer.

How is this?

Frosch.

Was that your nose?

Brander (to Siebel.)

And yours is in my hand.

Altmayer.

I still tremble from a blow that I could not withstand,
Get me a chair or I shall faint away.

Frosch.

No, no, explain what really has happen'd

Siebel.

Where is the fellow? If I but catch him,
The Devil from my revenge shall not even snatch him.

Altmayer.

I saw him riding out of the cellar door,
Upon a barrel for a gallows.
My poor feet are now so heavy and so sore.

[He turns towards the taps.]

But what, are the wine-taps there no more?

Siebel.

It was all a sham—nothing but moonshine.

Frosch.

I thought I was really drinking wine.

Brander.

But what about the grapes?

Altmayer.

Who now believes not miracles is but a jackanapes.

SCENE. III.—THE WITCH'S KITCHEN.

(A SATIRE.)

A large cauldron is hanging over the fire on a low hearth. Different figures are seen in the flames which rise from it. A Female Baboon is sitting skimming the cauldron and taking care that it does not run over. A Male Baboon with the young ones is seated near her, and warming himself. The walls and ceilings are decorated with the strangest articles of witch furniture.

Faust. Mephistopheles.

Faust.

Of these spells and enchantments I am disgusted quite !
And, in this dreary waste of frantic folly,
Canst thou promise me one day I shall be right ?
Is it to an old woman now I must apply ?
And will all this mess of cookery
Relieve me of the filth of thirty years ?
Woe is me, if nothing better,
Now at last, thou hast to offer !
Hope itself takes wing and disappears.
Has not nature, has no noble spirit,
Found out a balsam that has power over it ?

Mephistopheles.

My friend thy talk is now more rational !
To make thee young again there is a means quite natural ;
It is however written in another book,
Thou'lt find it a strange chapter if thou wilt only look.

Faust.

I must know it.

Mephistopheles.

Well ! a means without pelf,
Or doctor, or enchantment ; by thyself,
Without delay into the fields repair,
And for thy amusement there,
Dig and delve, and hack and hew,
And on the simplest fare be contented to dine !
Within a narrow circle too
Thyself and faculties confine.
Live like a brute with brutes, nor think it a crime
To manure thyself the field thou'lt reap at harvest time.

That is the only way, believe me true,
Thy youth for fourscore years even to renew.

Faust.

To that I'm not accustom'd, and could not submit
To take the spade, and delve with it.
So circumscrib'd a life for me would never do.

Mephistopheles.

Well, then the witch must lend a helping hand.

Faust.

Why thou shouldst an old woman want I cannot under-
Canst thou not thyself the liquor brew? [stand ;

Mephistopheles.

That indeed would be a pleasing recreation!
In the meantime I could a thousand bridges rear.
It is not only science and artistic skill;
But long-suffering patience that is wanted here. [tion ;
Of a still spirit that has been for many years the occupa-
For time alone gives strength to the fermentation.
The things therein that boil and bubble,
To understand would give thee trouble ;
The Devil taught them how to do it,
But the Devil himself cannot brew it.

Perceiving The Animals,

Look there ! A handsome race if thou art observant !
That's the maid—that's the man-servant.

To The Animals.

It seems the dame is not at home with you.

The Animals.

Out she flew,
To the revelling crew,
By the chimney flue.

Mephistopheles.

How long does she stop when she wassailing goes ?

The Animals.

Just until we two have time to warm our paws.

Mephistopheles (to Faust.)

Dost thou not find the animals gentle and graceful too ?

Faust.

Nothing more ridiculous ever met my view.

Mephistopheles.

No, no ! such a conversation

Is just what suits my inclination.

To The Animals.

Accursed imps, now quickly tell

What you are cooking in the kettle!

The Animals.

We are making for this winter, beggar soup double thick.

Mephistopheles.

Then we hope that you'll not have a numerous public,

Nor costermongers' stalls for fuel.

The Male Baboon.

Approaches and fawns on Mephistophels.

Oh quick throw the dice!

Make me rich in a trice!

And when we begin,

Then let me win.

I'm in a sad plight,

By day and by night.

Had I some pelf

I'd come to myself.

Mephistopheles.

How happy The Baboon would be,

Could he but play in the lottery.

The young baboon's have in the meantime be playing with a large globe, and roll it forward.

The Male Baboon.

This is the world

Rising and falling—

Constantly rolling

And round about whirl'd.

Like glass it rings;

To shivers that springs.

'Tis hollow inside.

Here it shines brightly;

And there still more sightly.

I'm now in life;

Dear son of my wife,

It thou must avoid.

Thou surely must die!

'Tis made of clay,

Pot-sherds to-day,

Around us lie.

Mephistopheles.
Of what use is the sieve?
The Male Baboon.
Takes it down.

If thou didst thief,
I could that at once proclaim.

He runs to the female and makes her look through the sieve.

Look through the sieve,
And then believe!
He'll come to grief;
Dost thou know the thief,
And must thou not then tell his name

Mephistopheles.
And this pot?

The Animals.
The silly sot,
He knows not the pot,
He knows not the kettle,

Mephistopheles.
Unmannerly baboon,
I could teach thee very soon!

Male Baboon.
We've no better cheer,
So take this whisk here,
And sit down in the sessel!

[He makes Mephistopheles sit down.]

Faust

who has all this time been standing before a looking-glass, now approaching it, and now receding from it.

In that magic glass what celestial image do I see?

Of female loveliness the loveliest!

The swiftest of thy wings, O Love, lend now to me!

That I may fly to lands, by her fair presence blest.

Ah! if on this spot I do not remain,

If I dare but go a little nearer,

The most perfect image of a lovely woman,

As in mist I can only see her!

Can it be that woman is so fair?

And do I look upon that form in recumbent grace,

And see the inmost essence of a thousand Heavens there?

Can such a being have on earth her dwelling place?

Mephistopheles.

Of course when a divinity six days himself has teas'd,
 And with his task completed was even more than pleas'd,
 Something very clever must have then been done.

Look now upon that image to satiety.

For thee a little treasure I can find,

And happy the man whose fortune it shall be,

In wedlock with such charms to be conjoin'd.

Faust continues looking into the mirror. Mephistopheles, stretching himself on the settle and playing with the whisk, continues speaking.

Here I sit like a king upon his throne,

I wield the sceptre, but still want the crown.

The Animals.

who have hitherto been playing all sorts of strange antics, bring Mephistopheles a crown with loud acclamations.

Now be so good,

With sweat and blood,

The crown to lime!

They handle the crown awkwardly and break it into two pieces, with which they jump about.

Now 'tis done,

We like the fun,

And hear and see

Attentively,

And talk in rhyme.

Faust (*towards the looking-glass.*)

I'm nearly mad, my head it does so reel.

Mephistopheles (*pointing to the animals.*)

And I myself begin a dizziness to feel.

The Animals.

Terseness, simplicity!—

Sheer imbecility!

And when we succeed,

Pooh, rhythm indeed!

The thoughts are sublime;

With sweet alliteration,

On every occasion,

So clever we be.

And from the critics,

Such nice italics,

The attention to fix

On sublimity.

Faust (*as before.*)

I find this place is far too hot for me,
No longer let us here remain !

Mephistopheles (*in the same position.*)

At all events thou must agree
That they possess the *new* poetic vein.

The cauldron which The Female Baboon has neglected begins to
boil over, a great flame arises which rushes up the chimney. The
Witch descends through the flames with horrible cries.

The Witch.

Au ! Au ! Au !
Infernal brute ! Accursed sow !
To let the kettle overflow
And burn and scald thy mistress so !
Accursed brute !
But what's all that ?
Who are you there ?

[*To Mephistopheles and Faust.*]

What do you here ?
Who slipp'd in there ?
In your bones then feel
The pangs of Hell !

She dips the skimming-ladle into the cauldron and sprinkles flame
over Mephistopheles, Faust, and The Animals. The Animals
whimper.

Mephistopheles.

who inverts the whisk which he holds in his hand and strikes
among the glasses and plates.

Broken, broken !
By my troth,
Spilt the broth !
Blows deliver'd !
Glasses shiver'd !
Fun's first token !
The time, old wretch,
To thy own catch !

As The Witch steps back in rage and astonishment.

Dost know me, thou old hag, thou skeleton !
Dost know thy lord and master ?
What hinders me from lustily laying on,
And smashing them and thee even faster
Than I the words can say ? Thy respect and esteem,
Does my red jerkin then no longer claim ?

And the plume of chanticleer dost thou not recognize?
Or is my face now in some strange disguise?
Must I declare my name?

The Witch.

O sir, pardon my rough salute!
But I did not see your cloven foot;
And your two ravens, tell me where?

Mephistopheles.

For this time I shall let thee off;
And indeed 'tis long enough,
Since thou my company didst share.
Refinement now all classes elevates,
And the Devil therein participates.
The northern phantom is a thing that was;
And thou canst see no more, nor horns, nor tail, nor claws.
With reference to my foot which I cannot do without,
And which, with not a few, would not be to my credit,
I have, like many a young spark too, no doubt,
For many years us'd false calves to hide it.

The Witch (dancing.)

I've lost my wits, I feel so queer
To see squire Satan once more here.

Mephistopheles

Woman! that name I can no longer brook.

The Witch.

Why, what injury have you from it receiv'd?
That you should your name gain say can hardly be believ'd.

Mephistopheles.

It has long since been written in Fiction's book.
But mankind have thereby no advantage gain'd;
The wicked one is gone, but the wicked have remain'd.
Call me Sir Roger, and I'll be satisfied. [applied.
I'm a gentleman like others to whom the name is now
About my noble blood thou hast no cause to fear,
My family crest I can show thee here.

(He extends his fingers from his nose.)

The Witch.

Ha! Ha! Ha! That's your old way I know;
You're still the rogue you were long years ago.

Mephistopheles (to Faust.)

My friend this information thou must have,
This is the way with witches to behave.

The Witch.

Now gentlemen, tell me what you'll have.

Mephistopheles.

Give us a glass of your fam'd elixir!

The very oldest I must ask,

Since it grows stronger every year.

The Witch.

I shall with pleasure serve you from this flask,

From which I also sometimes junket.

It has long since lost its stink,

And you'll find it quite a charming drink.

Aside.

But you know yourself when the gentleman has drunk it
Unprepar'd, not another hour he'll live.

Mephistopheles.

He's my good friend, it will do him good I know;

I grudge him not the best you can bestow.

Now draw thy circle, and thy charm repeat,

Then pour him out a glass brimful and neat!

The Witch, with strange gestures draws a circle and places extraordinary things in it; in the meantime the glasses begin to ring, and the cauldron to sound and make music. Last of all she brings a great book, and places The Animals in the centre, who are made to serve her for a reading desk and to hold the torch. She beckons to Faust to approach.

Faust (to Mephistopheles.)

Now only tell me of what use is [grimaces?

Of all that senseless stuff?—what—all those wild

Of that disgusting and absurd deceit

I've had enough, it now excites my hate.

Mephistopheles.

Oh, only a joke! And all for Jack Fun's sake.

Don't be in such a sullen mood!

She must like a good doctor a nice hocus-pocus, make,

So that the juice may not fail to do thee good.

[He makes Faust enter the circle.]

The Witch (declaiming from a book)

This you must ken,

Of six make ten,

As for the two,

You let it go,

And three make even,

Then are you rich,

And the four
 Forget to score
 Of five and six,
 So says The Witch,
 Make eight and seven ;
 When that you fix,
 The thing is done,
 And nine is one,
 And ten is none ;

That's The Witch's one time's one.

Faust.

The old hag seems raving in a fever.

Mephistopheles.

'Tis not yet nearly over,
 For she has not yet said even half her say.
 The whole book is full of saws of like importance.
 I know it well, and have lost many a day,
 In reading it myself; for a flat contradiction
 Is both to wise men and to fools, of mysterious significance.
 That the art is old and new my friend is of facile conviction ;
 For in all ages the custom has prevail'd,
 By three and one, and one and three,
 Error for truth everywhere to spread.
 And thus they jabbering teach undisturbed constantly.
 Who with fools would like to rack his head ?
 Men generally believe when only words they hear,
 That something of importance must surely strike the ear.

The Witch (continues)

The power immense
 Of science,
 From the whole world conceal'd !
 Who thinks of nought,
 Without a thought,
 It is to him reveal'd.

Faust.

What nonsense does she now declaim before us ?

My very head is like to split !
 'Tis just as if I heard of voices a whole chorus,
 And a hundred thousand fools declaiming it.

Mephistopheles.

That's now enough, accomplish'd sybil !
 Give us of thy elixir, and fill
 Quickly the cup up to the brim.
 My friend will drink it off, I know it will not hurt him.
 He is a man of many a degree,
 And many a glass has drain'd with joviality

*The Witch with many ceremonies pours the liquor into a cup, as
 Faust lifts it to his mouth a light flame arises.*

Mephistopheles.

No hesitation ! Drink it off at once ;
 It will cheer thee to thy heart's desire.
 Thou who hast the Devil's confidence,
 Dost wince before a little fire ?

The Witch dissolves the circle and Faust steps out.

Mephistopheles.

Now quickly out of this ! thou must not rest !

The Witch.

I hope if thou art ailing sir, the draught will set thee right.

Mephistopheles (to the Witch.)

With joy I'll grant whatever thou wilt request,
 Tell me only on Walpurgis night.

The Witch.

Here is a song to sing upon occasion,
 Its effect upon you will be strange enough.

Mephistopheles.

Trust to my guidance and let us be off !
 Thou now requirest a good perspiration,
 So that through thy whole system the spirit may permeate.
 After that I'll teach thee noble sloth to estimate.
 And very soon thou'lt feel with internal rejoicing,
 How Cupid can bestir himself, and hither and thither spring.

Faust.

To look in the glass again I'll quickly run ;
 The female form was therein so wondrous fair.

Mephistopheles.

No, no, thou soon wilt see of all women the paragon,
 Standing alive before thee, in her charms beyond compare.

Aside.

The cup that thou has drain'd of the elixir
 Will make every woman like an Ellen to thee appear.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—A STREET.

FAUST.—MARGARET (*passing along.*)

Faust.

My fair young lady, there would be no harm
In offering thee my company and arm !

Margaret.

I'm not a lady, neither am I fair,
And unaccompanied I can home repair.

[*She disengages herself and runs away.*]

Faust.

By heavens, the child is passing fair !
How modest and devoid of guile,
Yet something snappish all the while !
With rosy lips, cheeks brightly clear,
I'll think of her for many a year.
Her eyes downcast and languishing
Have left their impress on my heart ;
And what is still more ravishing,
She ran away so proud and pert.

Enter Mephistopheles.

Faust.

Thou must get me that lass.

Mephistopheles.

Well, which one ?

Faust.

The one that here just now did pass.

Mephistopheles.

That one ! She's just been with her priest,
And of her sins made a clean breast ;
I slipp'd quite close by the confessional,
She's a well-dispos'd and innocent thing,

Who went to confess and but trifles had to tell,
So that my influence to bear on her, I cannot bring.

Faust.

And yet to me she did appear
To have seen her fourteenth year.

Mephistopheles.

Thou talkest like John Dissolute,
Who wanted the best flowers and fruit—
Thought honour and all favours fair
Were there for him to pluck and share ;
But 'tis not always to be done.

Faust.

Oh now, Mr. Sermoniser,
Make me with thy maxims no wiser,
And with the laws, let me alone.
I'll tell thee what is short and good,
If that sweet flower of maidenhood,
In my arms this night does not repose,
To-morrow, at midnight, we part as foes.

Mephistopheles.

Consider what is possible !
I require fourteen days at least,
To know how such a matter can be manag'd best.

Faust.

Had I but seven hours disposable,
I'd not have of the Devil need
Such a young creature to mislead.

Mephistopheles.

You talk now just like a Frenchman ;
But don't look like some discharg'd henchman ;
At once 'tis no use to enjoy,
For that does future pleasure cloy.
'Tis best to knead it here and there,
And round-about, and everywhere,
With every kind of foolish stuff ;
And when you think 'tis knit enough,
The little doll like elastic paste,
Will be sure to suit your taste.
As you may read, perchance,
In many French romance.

Faust.

To sate my desire,
Such a relish I do not require.

Mephistopheles.

All joking and reproach apart,
I can assure thee from my heart,
Respecting this fair child so soon,
What we may plan cannot be done ;
'Tis no use by assault to try ;
On stratagem alone we must rely.

Faust.

From this fair angelic treasure,
Bring me something for my pleasure.
Take me to her couch of rest ;
Get a kerchief from her breast ;
Or, my longings to amuse,
Fetch me her garter or her shoes !

Mephistopheles.

To let thee see how very fain,
I would do all to soothe thy pain,
We'll not one moment more delay ;
I'll take thee to her room this very day.

Faust.

And shall see her—win her favour ?

Mephistopheles.

No, no, she will be with a neighbour.
But then, thou canst the time employ
On thoughts of many a future joy,
And gaze thy fill in her sweet-scented atmosphere.

Faust.

Can we go now,

Mephistopheles.

'Tis too soon yet ;

We must a little longer wait.

Faust.

Get me a present for my love to wear.

[Exit.

Mephistopheles.

At once a present ! that's the best way indeed !
Then he'll very soon succeed.
Pleasant places I can measure,
I know many a hidden treasure,
I'll look around me at my leisure.

SCENE II.—EVENING.

A NEAT LITTLE ROOM.

Margaret.

Plaiting and braiding up her hair.

Who was the gentleman I saw
To day, I'd really like to know!
So handsome his appearance was,
He must be of a noble house.
From his bold forehead that is sure,
He would have been else more demure.

[Exit.

Enter Mephistopheles and Faust.

Mephistopheles.

Come in now, as softly as you can, but come in!

Faust (after a pause.)

Pray let me view alone, this quiet domestic scene.

Mephistopheles (surveying the room.)

Not every girl keeps every thing so tidy and so clean.

Faust (looking round.)

Welcome ye shades of soft twilight,

This holy place to tenderness consigning!

Sweet pangs of love, let me now feel your might,

Ye who on dews of hope live ever pining!

What stillness I feel all around in congruence,

With order and contentedness;

In all this poverty what affluence,

And in this little cell what blessedness!

[He throws himself upon a leathern
arm-chair by the bedside.

Receive me thou who oft to generations gone,

Repose in pain or joy, with open arms wouldst bring.

Ah, how oft, around this old paternal throne,

The throngs of children clambering would cling.

For her christmas-box perchance, in grateful remem-

With plump and rosy cheeks my dearest here, [brance,

Her grandsire's wither'd hand has often kiss'd with

Methinks I hear it rustling quite near, [reverence.

Fair maid, thy spirit of exuberance,

Which daily teaches thee with a mother's care,
The table cloth to lay with taste and elegance ; [lie.

And ev'n how to strew the sand at thy feet curling to
Oh lovely hand that with a goddess's might vie !

And here ! *(He raises a bed-curtain.*

What shuddering ecstasy pervades my frame !

Here would I fain for hours delight mine eyes !

Nature thou here didst perfect in many a placid dream,

The angel that first here did see the light.

Here lay the child her tender bosom heaving,

With life's warm glow in tranquilliz'd delight.

The form angelic, perfect past believing,

Received in this place, from pure and holy fingers,

The loveliness that on each feature ever lingers.

But thou why dost thou here intrude ?

What thoughts of tenderness within thy bosom rise ?

What dost thou here ? Why thus in gloomy mood ?

Poor Faust, thee I no longer recognize.

Am I now in a magic atmosphere ?

So strangely was I to enjoy resolving.

I feel myself in dreams of love dissolving,

Are we the sport of every change of air ?

And should she at this moment enter here,

For thy audacity what penalty wouldst thou pay ?

Blustering Jack, alas ! would then but small appear,

And at her feet lie down and melt away.

Mephistopheles.

Quick, quick, I see her down there coming home.

Faust.

Away, away ! for never more shall I return.

Mephistopheles.

Here's a casket worth a decent sum.

Now well place it in this chest,

She'll lose her wits or I'll be blest.

I put some little things inside,

That another I might turn aside

From the right way ;

But child is child, and play is play.

Faust.

I really know not if I may !

Mephistopheles.

Art thou scrupulous ?

Wouldst thou like to preserve the treasure ?

Then I advise thy greediness

To spare me days of weariness,

And let me have a little pleasure.

I hope thou art not avaricious.

[*delicious.*

I scratch my head, rub my hands, and think the work

[*He places the casket in the chest,
and closes the lock.*

Now, quickly let us go ! •

And we'll manage so •

That to thy heart's content, this lovely child

May incline to be by thee beguil'd.

Upon my word thou dost appear to me,

As if into the lecture room thou hadst been called,

And saw standing before thee, gaunt and bald,

Metaphysics and philosophy.

Let us be off !

[*Exeunt.*

Margaret (*Entering with a lamp.*)

How close and sultry it is here !

[*She opens the window.*

And yet outside 'tis not so very warm.

What's in the place that makes me feel so queer ?

If mother were at home I should fear no harm.

Shuddering tremors all my frame pervade.

am a silly girl to be so much afraid.

She begins to sing as she undresses herself.

In Thule once there was a king,

Even faithful to the grave ;

To him his love when dying,

A golden goblet gave.

He priz'd it well, and drain'd it well

At every drinking bout ;

And from his eyes the tears did well,

Whene'er he drank thereout.

And, when his end was drawing near,
His cities not a few,
He counted over to his heir,
But not the goblet too.

A royal banquet he prepar'd,
In the hall of his ancestry ;
And the cheer with all his knights he shar'd
In yon castle by the sea.

There the old toper took his stand,
Quaff'd life's last liquid glow,
Then swirl'd the goblet with his hand,
Into the flood below.

He saw it fall—he saw it fill,
And then down deeply sink ;
His eyes grew dim and dimmer still,
Not a drop more did he drink.

*[She opens the chest to put away her cloths,
and perceives the casket.]*

What a fine casket —In here how did it come ?
I'm sure I lock'd the chest when I left home.
I'm quite surpris'd ! Inside what can there be ?
Perhaps some one has brought it as security,
For some money mother lent upon it.
I see attach'd to it a little key ;
I think I may just open it.
Goodness gracious ! what is that ! Just look !
In my born days I never saw such a display !
A set of jewels, such as any duke
Might give his daughter on her wedding-day.
In this chain how much better I must look !
Who can the owner be of all these precious things.

*[She puts them on, and walks before
the looking glass.]*

Would they were mine these beautiful earrings !
How very different they make one appear.
After all what does youth or beauty avail !
To possess them may be good and well,
But that is all that you get for your share ;
And people praise you with an eye of pity.

For gold all long,
 Gold's all the song,
 Ah me ! what poor souls are we !

SCENE III.—A PUBLIC WALK.

Faust walking up and down, wrapt in thought, to him

Mephistopheles.

By the power of slighted love ! By the hellish element !
 Would I could swear something else to give my feelings

Faust. [vent !

What's the matter ? what has rous'd thy passion ?
 I never in my life saw such a face !

Mephistopheles.

I'd give myself up to the Devil on this occasion,
 Had Hell not been my own dwelling-place.

Faust.

Has something turn'd thy very brain ?
 It really becomes one like thee to rave in such a strain !

Mephistopheles.

Canst thou imagine that this very day,
 A priest has carried Margaret's jewels away ?
 Her mother gave the things a look,
 And seiz'd with sudden tremor shook ;
 So acute is her sense of smell,
 From always snuffling her prayer-book,
 That she is even able
 To smell out in chair or table,
 If it is holy or profane,
 And not acquir'd by honest gain ;
 And so the casket she could tell
 Was not a thing of Heaven but Hell.
 My child " she cried " you must take care
 In ill-got goods to have no share,
 For they consume the blood, and the soul ensnare.
 That the jewels may no harm bring,
 We'll take them as an offering

To the virgin, and prepare
 Heavenly manna for our fare.
 Margaret at this a wry face made ;
 After all, she thought, 'tis a gift jade ;
 And he who plac'd them so handsomely there,
 I'm sure is one who God does fear.
 Her mother then sent for a priest,
 Who no sooner heard the jest,
 Than he look'd upon the treasure,
 With no small degree of pleasure.
 And said—"In this you've not done wrong ;
 The sacrifice that you have made
 Will be a hundred fold repaid.
 The stomach of the church is strong,
 Though it has swallow'd up whole states,
 Its appetite never abates.
 The church, fair friends, alone can feast
 On ill-got goods, and them digest."

Faust.

That's a game quite universal,
 And kings, and jews can play it well.

Mephistopheles

He then whipp'd up clasp, chain, and rings,
 As if all the precious things,
 Had been so much useless trash,
 And not worth a single rush ;
 And thank'd them no more for the casket,
 Than if they had given him a basket
 Full of nuts to crack at leisure ;
 But he promis'd them a heavenly treasure,
 Which edified them beyond measure.

Faust.

And Margaret—

Mephistopheles.

Is sitting quite disconsolate—
 Does nothing but fidget and fret—
 Not knowing what to do or say—
 Thinks of the jewels night and day ;
 But more of him who brought them there,
 She's very sure for her to wear.

Faust.

I'm much annoy'd at Margaret's sorrow.
Another set pray steal or borrow,
For my love before to-morrow.

Mephistopheles.

O yes, the gentleman thinks every thing child's play.

Faust.

To do as I wish, now endeavour.
Try to win her next-door neighbour.
Don't be a milk and water devil,
But be active when I ask it,
And quickly get another casket.

Mephistopheles.

With all my heart, honour'd sir !

[Exit Faust.]

Mephistopheles.

An enamour'd fool like that would not even care,
Ye sun, and moon, and stars above !
To blow you up into the air,
As a pastime for his love.

SCENE IV.—THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE.

Martha (alone.)

May God forgive my husband dear ;
Well by me he has not done !
To go away, no one knows where,
And leave me widow'd and alone.
I nothing ever did to tease him,
But lov'd him well, and tried to please him.
Perhaps he's dead. Oh, cruel fate ! *[She weeps.]*
Had I but some certificate !

Enter

Margaret.

Martha, martha !

Martha.

What's the matter, Margaret ?

Margaret.

My very knees do shake with fear,
To think what I have brought you here !

To-day I found, before I dress'd,
This other casket in my chest.
The jewels in the first that were
Cannot at all with these compare,
So lovely do the gems appear.

Martha.

You must not shew it to your mother,
Or the priest will get it, like the other.

Margaret.

Martha, martha! just behold!

Martha.

You lucky girl! what lovely things in gold!

Margaret.

Unhappily I must not dare
Such costly gems at church, or in the street to wear.

Martha.

As often as you like come here,
And put the trinkets on where no one can see.
Then walk an hour or two, before the looking-glass;
It will amuse us so the time to pass.
We may then let people see them by degrees;
First the chain and then the pearl earrings.
Your mother wont be there, and if she sees
Some one who saw you with the things,
She will believe
What we may tell her to deceive.

Margaret.

I wonder who could both the caskets bring. [sorcerer.
I fear there's something wrong, perhaps some witch or

[a knock.

Margaret.

Oh dear me! there's mother coming!

Martha (looking through the blind.)

A strange gentleman! Come in sir!

Mephistopheles (enters.)

I hope the ladies will excuse me,
For intruding on their privacy

[He steps back respectfully on seeing Margaret.

'Twas for Mrs. Martha Schwerdtlein I wanted to enquire.

Martha.

I am that person. What's your pleasure, sir?

Mephistopheles.

Your acquaintance to have made is now enough for me.
You have a visitor of high degree.
Pardon the liberty that I have ta'en.
In the afternoon I'll come again.

Martha.

Just fancy child, such a thing did you ever hear?
That you should to the gentleman of high rank appear.

Margaret.

I'm a poor young body, without noble blood.
Dear me, the gentleman is far too good.
The necklace and the ornaments are not my own.

Mephistopheles.

Ah! 'tis not the jewels alone.
She has so keen a glance, and such a noble air.
How glad I am her company to share!

Martha.

What news do you bring sir. It would please me well—

Mephistopheles.

Would that I had a better tale to tell!
I hope the messenger will not his message rue.
Your husband's dead, and sends his last adieu.

Martha.

My poor husband's dead and gone!
Woe is me! I'm left alone!
Woe is me! I'll faint away!

Margaret.

Dear Martha, give not way to such despair.

Mephistopheles.

Hear what I have with sorrow now to say.

Margaret.

I'd not like to fall in love as long as I have breath!
The loss of my true love I'm sure would be my death.

Mephistopheles.

Sorrow must pleasure, pleasure sorrow share.

Martha.

Now tell me, of his days how was the close?

Mephistopheles.

In Padua, his bones repose
On his cool and eternal couch of rest,

In a tomb well consecrated,
Near the shrine to St. Anthony dedicated.

Martha.

And sent he nothing to his poor wife distrest?

Mephistopheles.

Yes, a prayer of some weight and consequence,
To get the priest to say a hundred masses for his soul.
Of what he sent you, you have now the whole,
And as for coin, not even the half of twopence.

Martha.

What, no little present? not ev'n a paltry locket?
Which to have in his purse is every tradesman's care,
That something as a keepsake he may have to share,
And would rather beg or starve than be without it.

Mephistopheles.

Madam, I am sorry from the bottom of my heart,
But never with his money did he foolishly part.
And sincerely too, he did his many faults deplore;
Ah, yes! and his misfortunes still a great deal more.

Martha.

Alas, that misfortune should thus befall the men!
But I'll say for his soul many a requiem.

Mephistopheles.

You would do well to enter the married state again.
All must esteem
Such an amiable person!

Martha.

Oh, that would be far too soon.

Mephistopheles.

'Tis not a husband? well, let that be! [ness,
Some gay young spark? It would be heavenly blessed-
Such a lovely thing as you in one's arms to press.

Martha.

That's not the custom in this country.

Mephistopheles.

Custom or not, such things we often see.

Martha.

Now tell me the rest!

Mephistopheles.

By his death-bed I stood
His couch was little better than ordure,

Of half-rotten straw, damp and impure.
 But he died as every christian should—
 Confess'd that he had still a heavy bill to pay.
 With my whole soul "he cried" how I myself detest,
 To have forsaken so unworthily my trade and wife.
 Ah, the sad remembrance brings me to death this day.
 Would I were forgiven by her in this life!

Martha.

The dear good man, in peace let him rest!
 I have long

Forgotten and forgiven every wrong.

Mephistopheles.

And yet, god knows, she was more to blame than I.

Martha.

What a lie! On the brink of the grave to tell such a lie!

Mephistopheles.

If I'm but half a connoisseur,

He rav'd a little as his end drew near. [ease,

It was not my fortune "he said" to gape and stare at

First to get children, and then their daily bread;

And that in the widest sense that could be said,

And could not even eat my own share in peace.

Martha.

Did he my love and truth so far gainsay,

And forget the constant worry, both by night and day?

Mephistopheles.

Oh no, he thought of it on every occasion.

When I "he said" from Malta sail'd away,

Most fervently for wife and children did I pray,

And kind Heaven vouchsaf'd to hear my supplication;

For our ship took a Turkish vessel

Which was a treasure for the Sultan carrying.

Then the due reward was given to deeds of daring,

And I receiv'd, as I deserv'd well,

A goodly measur'd portion for my share.

Martha.

How?—what?—Perhaps he has buried it somewhere.

Mephistopheles.

Where the four winds have carried it no one can tell.

A fair young lady gave him favour and protection,

When at Naples, and a stranger quite alone,

He was rambling through the town.
She bestow'd on him many proofs of affection
Which till his dying day he did remember well.

Martha.

Oh, the vagabond ! to his children such a thief !
Neither want nor distress
Could make him change his life of shamlessness.

Mephistopheles.

Well, you see at last that has brought him to grief.
If in your place now I were,
I should chastely for him mourn a decent year,
And meanwhile on another conquest set my mind.

Martha.

Alas ! like the first I fear
I'll never find another here.
A kinder-hearted fool could hardly meet your eyes ;
But to travelling he did too much incline—
To foreign women and to foreign wine—
And to that accursed game of dice.

Mephistopheles.

Well, well, things in that way could easily find their level,
If on his part he shew'd the same indulgence,
And about trifles did not care to cavil.
I swear to you upon my conscience,
If you to me such a sweet temper bring,
I'll change myself with you the ring.

Martha.

Oh sir, you surely only jest.

Mephistopheles.

To be off I must make haste.
Longer to remain would be absurd ;
She's just the woman to take the Devil at his word.

To Margaret.

How is it with your heart ?

Margaret.

What do you mean sir ?

Mephistopheles (*aside.*)

Good guileless child,

Too soon to be beguil'd !

Aloud.

Ladies farewell ! I must depart.

Martha.

One word more sir, it would all my doubts dispel,
If by some witness I could have it testified
Where my dear good man died and was buried.
To keep affairs in order I have always tried, [read.
And in the weekly list of deaths would like his name to

Mephistopheles.

Oh yes, dear madam! You're aware,
Two witnesses the truth always declare.
A good friend of mine
Will his evidence before the judge to-morrow sign.
I'll bring him here.

Martha.

Oh, pray do!

Mephistopheles.

I hope this young lady will be here too.
He's a fine young man, and fond of travel;
And to young ladies very civil.

Margaret.

I should blush for shame, before the gentleman.

Mephistopheles.

Not even before, on earth the greatest king.

Martha.

Behind the house, there in my garden,
For the gentlemen we shall be waiting.

SCENE V.—THE STREET.

FAUST.—MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust.

How do things stand? Will it come to aught? Shall we
bag the game?

Mephistopheles.

Capital! I find thee all in a flame.
In a few hours Margaret,
In dame Martha's garden, will thy suit await.
That woman is a choice specimen
Of the gypsy breed, for a go-between.

Faust.

Good.

Mephistopheles.

But she wants from us a favour.

Faust.

One good turn deserves another.

Mephistopheles.

I promis'd her to come

With a valid witness, to depose

That in Padua in a consecrated tomb,

Her husband's outstretch'd limbs repose.

Faust.

That's all very fair,

But thither we must first repair.

Mephistopheles.

O sancta simplicitas ! Of that there is no need.

Give thy testimony without knowing more.

Faust.

If thou hast nothing better, that item we'll not score.

Mephistopheles.

O holy man ! If thou wert so indeed.

Would it in thy life be the second time even,

That false testimony thou hast given ?

Hast thou not of God in Heaven above,

Of the world and the things therein that move,

Of man, and all that racks his heart and brain,

Definitions given, again and again,

With forehead bold and dauntless breast ?

And, if to ask thy inmost soul thou wert sorely prest,

Thou wouldst admit that of all that thou knewest no more

Than of Mr. Schwerdtlein's death and burial. [at all,

Faust.

Thou art and always wilt be a liar, a sophist.

Mephistopheles.

Oh yes, if of a thing or two we were not aware.

To-morrow wilt thou not, upon thy honour,

Poor Margaret to cajole and to ensnare,

Show every promise down upon her ?

And with thy whole soul to love her wilt thou not swear ?

Faust.

True, and from my heart.

Mephistopheles.

Fine talking ! Then thy conversation

Will be of truth, and love of eternal duration—
Of an all-absorbing, all-subduing passion,
Will that from thy heart also proceed?

Faust.

Peace!—It will! I might not recede!
When each strange impulsive feeling
Through each vein is wildly stealing,
The means I find not to express
That sweet hour's deliciousness,
Then with all my senses through the world I rove,
And this intensity of love,
This burning glow—this searching flame,
Unending and eternal name.
Is that of lies some devilish game?
Mephistopheles.
I'm still right.

Faust.

Once for all, that's to be seen.
So for the present, spare my weaker lung!
Who will be in the right, and has an only tongue,
Is sure not to give in.
Of this idle talk I am surfeited quite.
Because of course I must, thou art in the right.

SCENE VI.—MARTHA'S GARDEN.

Margaret on Faust's arm, Martha with Mephistopheles walking
up and down.

Margaret.

I feel sir, that with me, you have great forbearance,
And to make me blush, you condescend to be so kind.
Travellers are apt to shew a preference,
When to kind-heartedness inclin'd.
I know too well, that a man of experience so diffuse,
My poor conversation cannot much amuse.

Faust.

A single look, a word from thee
Is more than all the wisdom of the world to me.

He kisses her hand.

Margaret.

You are too kind. My hand how can you ever kiss?

So ugly and so coarse it is.
How much I am oblig'd to labour,
If I would keep in mother's favour !

[They pass on.]

Martha.

And you are always visiting new places ?

Mephistopheles.

Alas, business and duty constrain us thereto !
How we do regret to leave sympathizing faces !
But hard necessity obliges us to go.

Martha.

'Tis all well in the years of joyousness,
Freely in the world, and pleasantly to roam.
Yet the evil times are sure to come,
When the old bachelor, in pitiful moroseness,
Must wander to the grave in solitude—
And that has never yet to any one done good.

[They pass on.]

Margaret.

Oh yes ! out of sight out of mind.
You can very easily be polite.
No doubt you can boast of many a friend
Who, unlike myself, possesses both good sense and wit.

Faust.

Dearest, believe me, what is call'd good sense
Is oft only vanity and narrow-mindedness.

Margaret.

How ?

Faust.

Alas, too true it is, simplicity and innocence
Themselves, and their hallow'd worth do never know !
That the gifts of lowliness and modesty,
The highest which Nature benevolent and kind—

Margaret.

Only for one moment, think sometimes of me ;
To think of thee many an hour I'll find.

Faust.

I dare say thou art very much alone.

Mephistopheles.

Yes. Our housekeeping is but a small affair,
Still everything has to be done.

We have no maid ; therefore I must sew,
 And cook and sweep, and knit also,
 And run about early and late.
 Mother is in everything so accurate,
 And particular.
 Not that she has any reason to be too near.
 We could much better than other folks jog on,
 Father left us a very nice estate—
 A little house and garden just outside the town.
 My brother is a soldier,
 My little sister's dead.
 'Tis true, a deal of trouble with the child I had ;
 But all that gave me pleasure,
 So much I lov'd the child.

Faust.

An angel, if it was like thee !

Margaret.

I brought it up, and very fond it was of me.
 It was born after father died.
 Then mother was so very ill,
 That we never thought she would again get well.
 After a long time only, and by degrees she rallied ;
 But it was quite impossible
 For her to nurse the little worm, so weak she was.
 So that I brought it up alone
 On milk and water, and thus it became my own.
 In my arms or lap it would only repose.
 It sprawl'd, grew up, and learn'd to love me best.

Faust.

Thou didst enjoy, no doubt, the greatest happiness.

Margaret.

I had many a tedious hour also, I must confess,
 At night the little cradle close to my bed-side was plac'd ;
 And if it mov'd in the least,
 It awoke me from my rest ;
 I often had to lay it by my side,
 And jump out of bed, the moment that it cried,
 Then dandling it, to skip about the room ; [stay ;
 And also from the dawn at the wash tub for hours to
 Then to go to market, and put things to rights at home ;

And the same thing always again, from day to day.
 So wags the world sir, not always affording pleasure ;
 But we relish food so much the more, and some tranquil
 [leisure. *[They pass on.*

Martha.

It is not an easy task for the poor women,
 An old bachelor is of difficult persuasion.

Mephistopheles.

A person like you is just the very one
 To give me better information.

Martha.

Now, tell me plainly sir, have you yet no one found,
 And has your heart not yet been by certain trammels
 [bound ?

Mephistopheles.

The proverb says—one only hearth,
 And tidy wife, even more than gold or pearls are worth.

Martha.

I mean, have you never felt an affection ?

Mephistopheles.

For me, my friends have always shewn some predilection.

Martha.

I mean, to say, has your heart always been free ?

Mephistopheles.

To joke with the ladies would too presumptuous be.

Martha.

Ah, you don't understand me.

Mephistopheles.

I am sorry you should find
 It so, yet I understand—that you are very kind.

[They pass on.

Faust.

My little angel, thou didst know me again,
 As soon as I into the garden came ?

Margaret.

Did you not see how on the ground I look'd for shame ?

Faust.

And dost pardon the liberty I took then,
 In accosting thee with such impudence,
 On thy way from the cathedral a few days since ?

Margaret.

I was startled to be thus for the first time address'd.

By no one had my deportment ever blaméd been.
 Dear me, I thought, has he something seen express'd
 In your features, or your mien,
 To make him think it quite enough
 To speak to this young girl, to be sure of no rebuff.
 I must confess that I really knew not well
 What it was that in your favour, I here began to feel ;
 But with myself I was dissatisfied and angry too,
 Because I was not able to be angrier with you.

Faust.

Dearest Girl !

Margaret.

Wait a moment !

[She plucks a star flower, and pulls off the petals one by one.]

Faust.

What's that for ? A nosegay ?

Margaret.

No, only a game.

Faust.

How !

Margaret.

Go ! you will laugh at me.

Faust.

What art thou murmuring ?

Margaret.

He loves me—loves me not.

Faust.

Thou angelic being !

Margaret.

Loves me—not—loves me—not—

[Plucking the last petal off with joy.]

He loves me.

Faust.

Yes dearest, let this wild flower testify,
 And be to thee a voice from heaven to say, he loveth thee.
 Dost thou comprehend the words, he loveth thee ?

Margaret.

I tremble.

Faust.

O tremble not, but let this gaze,
 This pressure of the hand tell thee

What no expression can reveal !
 When the whole soul gives way to soft abandonment,
 And melts in rapturous delight
 That must last for ever—
 For ever ! yes, the end would bring despair,
 Unending and for ever !

Margaret.

Presses his hands, breaks from him, and runs away. He stands
 a moment in thought, and then follows her.

Martha (approaches)

'Tis getting dark.

Mephistopheles.

Yes, and we will go.

Martha.

I would fain
 Ask you longer to remain,
 But in this wicked place, as we like we cannot do.
 It seems as if people's only occupation [vation—
 Was on their neighbour's every step to make some obser-
 Concluding from appearances, without hesitation.
 And our young couple ?

Mephistopheles.

They've up the lawn ta'en flight.

Wanton butterflies !

Martha.

He seems enamour'd quite.

Mephistopheles.

She seems so too, such is the world's gyration.

SCENE VII.—A SUMMER HOUSE.

*Margaret runs in, gets behind the door, holds the tip of her finger
 to her lips, and peeps through the crevice.*

Margaret.

He comes.

Faust.

Ah, thou little minx, 'tis thus that thou wouldst
 tease me ?

If I catch thee !

He kisses her.

Margaret.

Embracing him, and returning his kiss.

Thou best of men, I love thee dearly !

[*Mephistopheles knocks.*]

Faust.

Who's there ?

Mephistopheles.

A friend.

Faust.

A brute !

Mephistopheles.

The time to part is come.

Martha (*comes up.*)

Yes, it is late, sir.

Faust (*to Margaret.*)

May I not see thee home ?

Margaret.

Oh, mother would—Farewell !

Faust.

Must I go then ?

Farewell !

Martha.

Adieu !

Margaret.

Until we soon shall meet again,

[*Eseunt Martha, Faust and Mephistopheles.*]

Margaret.

Oh goodness me ! was there ever

Such a man, surely never,

Blushing red with bashfulness,

To everything I must say yes,

I've nothing learn'd to improve me—

Can't understand why he should love me.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII.—FOREST AND CAVERN.

Faust (alone.)

Exalted Spirit, thou didst give me all
That I besought of thee ! And not in vain,
Didst thou thy lineaments in fire towards me turn.
All glorious Nature thou didst give me too,
For my dominion ; and also therewith
To feel and to enjoy her charms the power.
Nor was it a cold visit, only to surprise, [leave
That thou didst then vouchsafe. Thou didst grant me
Deeply into her bosom even to gaze,
As if she had been some familiar friend.
The varied ranks before me thou didst lead
Of living beings, when I learn'd to know
My brethern in still bush, in water, or in air.
And, when the raging storm howls in the forest,
And downward sweeps, with irresistible might,
To overwhelm, in intermingled crash,
The giant pines with neighbouring trunks and branches—
Reverberating in their hollow-sounding fall,
Echoes like thunder-peal from hill to hill,
'Tis then thou leadest me to some cavern safe,
And shewest me to myself ; and to my own breast
Profound and secret wonders are unveil'd.
And, as the moon chastely bright before my gaze
Wends soothingly her way, then before me glide
Adown steep precipices—out of the damp bush,
The silvery shades of years long pass'd away—
Assuaging thus the excitement of the scene.

Alas, that man should no perfection know !
That I now feel too well. With this enraptur'd joy
Which brings me near and nearer to the gods,
Thou gavest me a friend, with whom, it seems,
I can no more dispense ; though, insolent and cold,
He loves to humble me in my own esteem,
And turns thy gifts to nought by breathing but a word.
After every beauteous vision too he fans

With diligence, a wild fire in my breast ;
 From desire I reel into enjoyment,
 And in enjoyment pine for fond desire,

Enter Mephistopheles.

Mephistopheles.

With this new phase of life wilt thou soon be satisfied ?
 How canst thou in one thing so long delight ?

Faust.

I wish thou hadst a little more to do, then at least,
 At a pleasant moment thou wouldst not come to tease me.

Mephistopheles.

Well, well, I willingly will let thee rest ;
 But thou must not talk in this way to me seriously.
 With a chum like thee, sour, crack-brain'd and crabbed,
 There's very little to be gain'd indeed.
 The whole day one's hands are always full ;
 And by no sign or rule,
 What should or what should not be done,
 Is it possible to guess.

Faust.

That is now the proper tone !
 He would for his annoyance have my thankfulness.

Mephistopheles.

What sort of life, poor son of clay !
 Wouldst thou have led without my stay ?
 Of wistful Fancy's cheating, nonsense,
 By me thou hast been cur'd long since.
 And, had I not manag'd well,
 Already wouldst thou have said farewell !
 To this globe terrestrial.
 What business hast thou in caverns or in riven rocks,
 Like the screech-owl to repair that the darkness mocks ?
 From sodden moss or from the craggs that drip,
 Why refreshment, like a toad, wilt thou ever sip ?
 A fine way indeed to cull enjoyment ! -
 But thou wilt ever stick to the Doctor's old employment.

Faust.

Dost thou know what vital nourishment I procure,
 When in the desert from life's din I roam afar ?
 Couldst thou but fancy it, I am very sure
 Thou art quite devil enough my happiness to mar.

Mephistopheles.

Truly a celestial delight!

To lie upon the hills in the cold dews at night,
And rapturously to embrace both earth and sky,
Until in fancy thou art puff'd up to a deity—
To grub earth's marrow with all the elation
Of excited anticipation—
To feel in thy bosom all the six days of creation,
With proud energy I know not what then to enjoy—
And speedily with love's ecstasy in all to melt away,
Till banish'd out of sight the son of clay—
And then the high intuition—
I must not say how—to crown the completion!

Faust.

Fie upon thee!

Mephistopheles.

Thou dost not like this kind of eloquence.
Being well-bred, to say fie! thou hast the right!
We must not name, if we would be polite, [dispense.
That to chaste ears with which chaste hearts cannot
And, in one word, I give thee full leave
To have the pleasure thyself occasionally to deceive.
In that mood thou wilt not long persist.
Already to exhaustion thou feelest thyself annoy'd!
And persisting therein, thou wouldst cease to exist,
By anguish, folly or terror destroy'd.
Of that enough! thy dearest sits inside,
And around her all becomes sad and confin'd
Her violent love for thee no rational limit knows.
Thy raging passion towards her first did rush,
Like waters from a brook that overflows,
When swollen by the melted snows;
And thus into her heart thou didst make it gush,
That thy own brooklet is now void and dry.
Instead of being enthron'd in hill or wood,
Methinks the great man would do much more good,
Were he, this poor young ape of womanhood,
For her love with some reward to gratify.
Long and tedious now the hours to her that were so gay;
She stands at the window and sees the clouds pass by,
As over the city walls, they wend their devious way.

"Oh, were I but a bird" is all her song,
 Half the night—the whole day long.
 Sometimes she is cheerful, but mostly sore distrest—
 Sometimes weeping till she can weep no more—
 Then she seems again to be more at rest—
 But still ever love-sick as she was before.

Faust.

Serpent, serpent, spitting venom!

Mephistopheles (aside.)

By the flames! into my clutches only come!

Faust.

Thou villain! get thee hence!

Name not to me the lovely maid.

Bring not the wish to enjoy her charming presence,

'Before the senses of one nearly mad.

Mephistopheles.

What's then to be done? She thinks thou hast ta'en flight.

And upon my word she's half in the right.

Faust.

I'm near at hand, and were I away ever so far,

Her I cannot lose, and cannot forget.

I'd even grudge to see her lisp a prayer,

So jealous I am of the little pet.

Mephistopheles.

Very well, my friend! My envy too a good way goes,

On account of the twin-pair that feed where blossoms
 many a rose.

Faust.

Be off, vile pander!

Mephistopheles.

Nice abuse! but I can only laugh.

The God who made the first, and then the better half,

Also recogniz'd the honourable vocation,

For sweet interviews to find apt occasion,

Now be off!—'Tis more adviseable, I think,

That into thy love's chamber thou shouldst sink

And not perchance to death,

Faust.

What heavenly blessedness

In her arms can there ever be for me?

Or upon her breast, my aching head to rest?

Am I not the barbarous fugitive that must ever flee,
 And hither and thither roam,
 Without aim or repose—without house or home ?
 That like the waterfall from rock to rock did roaring dash,
 With reckless greediness down into th' abyss—
 Hast'ning, on one side, this maid simple in childishness,
 In her little alpine cot, away to wash,
 With her homely beginnings all
 That her own she lov'd to call.
 For me the hated of God, did it not suffice
 That I, myself to please
 The rock could seize,
 And into fragments shiver ?
 Herself and peace of mind must I destroy for ever ?
 And thou, O Hell, wouldst have this sacrifice ?
 This hour of anguish, help me, devil, to curtail !
 What is to be, let it befall without delay,
 Her every sorrow and calamity let it be mine to feel,
 And with her to destruction let me be consign'd a prey !

Mephistopheles.

Already again, how it boils and seethes !
 Go in thou fool, and give her consolation !
 When a little head like thine, its way not clearly sees,
 It then expects a speedy end, and shews some resignation.
 Long live the man of dauntless breast !
 Of bedevilment thou hast an ample share ;
 Of all things in the world 'tis, I think, the absurdest
 To see a well-bedeveill'd devil despair.

SCENE IX.—MARGARET'S ROOM.

Margaret (alone, at the spinning-wheel.)

My peace is gone,
 My heart, is sore ;
 My peace I'll find it
 Nevermore.

With him not to be
 Is my grave to see ;
 And the world is all
 The bitterest gall.

My poor head
Is quite derang'd ;
And my poor senses
Quite estrang'd.

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore ;
My peace I'll find it
Nevermore.

To look after him only,
To the window I run !
To walk after him only,
I go out alone.

His aspect so noble,
His bearing so high ;
His sweet winning smile,
The keen glance of his eye.

And his conversation—
Streamlets of bliss ;
His hand's thrilling pressure,
And, ah me ! his kiss.

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore ;
My peace I'll find it
Nevermore.

My bosom beside him
Longs to find rest ;
Oh, could I press him
Close, close to my breast !

Long, long to kiss him,
To sate my desire !
Were I with his kisses
To faint and expire !

SCENE X.—MARTHA'S GARDEN.

Margaret. Faust.

Margaret.

Henry promise me !

Faust.

All I can bestow.

Margaret.

What you think of religion I should like to know.
You are a dear, good man, but if I justly surmise,
For religion you but very little care.

Faust.

Child, let that be ! How much I love thee thou art well
aware.

For my love, my life and blood I would even sacrifice,
And no one of his church or feelings would I bereave.

Margaret.

That's not quite right, one must therein believe.

Faust.

Indeed !

Margaret.

Ah, could I but persuade you Henry dear !
The holy sacraments you do not revere.

Faust.

I do revere them.

Margaret.

But not with a desire sincere.
'Tis long since you have been to mass or to confess.
Do you believe in God ?

Faust.

Dearest, who dare the words express,
I believe in God ? Question sage or priest, and his reply
Seems as if said in mockery
To the questioner.

Margaret.

Then you do not believe ?

Faust.

My loving girl, do not my meaning misconceive !

Who may dare
 His name declare?
 Who is worthy to express
 His eternal truthfulness?
 Who can feel,
 And then himself compel
 To say that He is not?
 In him I do believe!
 The all-retaining—
 All-sustaining,
 All embracing—
 Interlacing!
 Does he not embrace and sustain
 Thee, me, himself?
 Above us is there not the vaulted sky,
 And the earth beneath in firm stability?
 And with loving glance,
 Do not the eternal stars upon their way advance?
 And, when my ardent gaze meets thine,
 Is not all thou conceivest prest
 Into thy soul, thy heart, thy breast?
 Is there not an eternal mystery
 Invisible and evident around thee woven?
 Fill thy soul therewith, for it is great;
 And, when overcome with rapt enjoyment,
 Call it bliss!—heart!—love!—God!—
 For it I have no name.
 'Tis all a holy sentiment;
 A name's a sound, or vapour the wind doth blow,
 Enveloping in mist Heaven's celestial glow.

Margaret.

That is all very fine and good,
 And beautiful when understood.
 Our priest says nearly the same,
 But in different words only.

Faust.

All hearts the eternal truth proclaim,
 In all lands under heaven's blue canopy,
 In his own language everyone,
 And why not I in mine?

Margaret.

It seems so plausible when one hears you again ;
But still it looks a little queer,
You've no christianity I fear.

Faust.

Dearest child !

Margaret.

It has long caus'd me pain
That in certain company you should always appear.

Faust.

How so ?

Margaret.

That man with whom you are so intimate,
From the bottom of my soul I really hate.
I never in my life did feel
Such a stab as if from steel,
Pierce my very heart at once,
When first I saw his forbidding countenance.

Faust.

Darling, fear him not !

Margaret.

Kindly dispos'd to all mankind I feel,
But to look at him makes my very blood congeal.
And with as much anxiety as I thy presence desire,
Even so much secret terror does his presence inspire.
I think he is a rascal too,
Perhaps I wrong him, God forgive me if I do !

Faust.

To meet such oddities sometimes one is fated.

Margaret.

With such a man I'd not like to be mated.
When he enters the room here,
He looks inside with a sarcastic sneer,
And seems half irritated.
From his wild staring eyes,
One sees that in nothing he does sympathize ;
And on his forehead,
One can easily read
That not a single human being his love could share.
When I hang upon your arm
I feel confiding, free and warm,
But when he is present my vital sap stagnates.

Faust.

Thou far-seeing angel !

Margaret.

And so strangely operates

His presence to unnerve and overcome me,

That when he is in our company,

It seems as if I did not love thee more.

And in his presence anywhere,

I feel I could not even lisp a prayer ;

And all that makes my heart so very sore.

You must dislike him Henry too, I'm sure.

Faust.

Thou has conceiv'd an aversion.

Margaret.

Now I must be gone.

Faust.

Oh, shall it never be my fate upon thy breast,

For one short hour my aching head to rest

Heart with heart and soul with soul to interlace,

And melt away in one fond lock'd embrace.

Margaret.

If in the house I were quite alone,

I should leave the bolt this very night undone ;

But mother's sleep is never very sound,

And together if we should be found,

Ere you could say Jack Robinson, I should be dead.

Faust.

Of that, my angel, thou need'st have no fear.

Here is a phial. Only three drops mixéd

With her supper beer,

Will nature sink into a sleep

Pleasing, soothing, long and deep.

Margaret.

What would I not do for your sake ?

But the next morning I hope she will awake.

Faust.

Should I otherwise, my love, such a proposal make ?

Margaret.

You best of men, when I your features see,

I know not what my will your will to obey constrains.

So much for you I have already done,
That little more to do remains.

[Exit.

Enter Mephistopheles.

Mephistopheles.

Is the silly monkey gone?

Faust.

Hast thou again been spying?

Mephistopheles.

I have the whole perfectly well understood.

Doctor, thou didst receive a little catechising.

I hope it has done thee good.

The girls are selfish, and slyly like to search

If one is pious and smooth in the old style;

And think, does he yield there and always go to church,

We may expect to keep him for a while.

Faust.

Thou monster, dost thou not perceive

That this true and loving soul

Is, for her belief, of devotion full,

Which she thinks alone can heavenly bless confer;

And that she doth grieve

With holy thoughts, that the man she loves the most

Should be for ever lost.

Mephistopheles.

Thou sensual and over-sensual wooer,

A chit of a girl leads thee by the nose.

Faust.

Thou base abortion of filth and fire!

Mephistopheles.

Her skill in physiognomy too a good way goes.

In my presence she feels so very queer.

My little mask seems latent talent to foretell.

She feels that I am a genius or a seer—

Or perhaps even Old Nick himself from Hell.

Now to-night?

Faust.

What is that to thee?

Mephistopheles.

Some pleasure that procures also for me.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—AT THE WELL.

Margaret and Bessy with pitchers.

Bessy.

Have you heard of Barbara what they say?

Margaret.

Not a word. I am so much at home.

Bessy.

'Tis quite true, Sibylla told it me to day.

She has befool'd herself also in a nice way.

Of playing the fine lady nothing better can come.

Margaret.

How so?

Bessy.

It bodes no good.

She must nourish two when she takes her food.

Margaret.

Ah!

Bessy.

After all it serves her right.

[night!

How long has she been hanging on the fellow day and
Such a junketting and galavanting!

In the villages and at the dance they were never wanting.
She must be, forsooth, the foremost everywhere—

Always treated her to cakes and wine.

She thought her looks were something very fine;

And so little about her honour did she care,

That his presents she would even accept and wear.

Such billing and cooing—caressing and wooing,

And now the floweret is no longer there!

Margaret.

Poor thing!

Bessy.

For her you need no pity feel!

When we were at the spinning-wheel,
At night after we said our prayers,
Mother did not leave us down stairs.
Then on her lover she was sweet,
On the bench out in the street ;
Or, when it began to rain,
In the dark and shady lane.
The hours then never seem'd too long.
Now she must sing another song,
And in the church for all her sins,
In the sinner's sheet do penitence.

Margaret.

He will marry her, no doubt.

Bessy.

That he can do without.

He's not such a fool. A sprightly lad
Has plenty elbow-room elsewhere.
Besides he's off.

Margaret.

That's too bad!

Bessy.

And if she got him she would badly fare.
The boys would tear the garland from her hair,
And we should have for her in store
Chopp'd straw to strew before her door.

[Exit.

Margaret.

I too could once severely rail,
When a poor girl happen'd to fail ;
And to blame others' transgression
My tongue could not find expression
Severe enough, so black it seem'd to be ;
And when it was so, well it pleased me
To make it appear even blacker still—
I bless'd myself, and look'd so proud and fine,
And now I am, alas ! also a prey to sin.
Yet all—that drove me to do such a thing
Was, ah me ! so good, so kind, and so loving.

SCENE II.—THE OLD WALL.

In a niche of the wall is a devotional image of the MATER
DOLOROSA, and in front of it pots of flowers.

Margaret (*places fresh flowers in the pots.*)

Oh, bring relief!

Thou whelm'd with grief,
And piteous view my misery!

Thy heart pierc'd there
Thy throes declare,
Thy son upon the cross to see.

To the father thou lookest,
Him with sighs thou invokest,
For his and thine own misery.

Oh, who can feel,
Like probing steel,
The pangs that pierce me to the bone?
What my poor heart with fear inspireth,
Why it trembleth, what desireth,
Is known to thee, to thee alone.

Where'er I go;
What woe, woe, woe
Makes my bosom sorely ache!
And, when I see no one by,
Then I cry, I cry, I cry!
Oh, my very heart will break!

The flower-pots on my window sill,
With my tears I wateréd,
When, for thee this morning,
These flowers I gatheréd.

The sun at early morrow,
In my room shone clear and red,
Already, plung'd in sorrow,
I was sitting up in bed.

From death and shame, oh save, oh save me !
Oh, bring relief !
Thou whelm'd with grief,
And piteous view my misery

SCENE III.—NIGHT.

STREET BEFORE MARGARET'S DOOR.

Valentine (Margaret's brother)

When I sat at many a drinking bout,
Where each may boast his inside out,
And my companions would contest
Which of the girls was the best,
And the very loveliest—
Their elbows on the board sustaining,
And in their praises bumpers draining ;
Unmovéd by their declamations,
And their boisterous demonstrations—
After all their swaggering I had heard,
I with a smile would stroke my beard,
And with glass brimful in hand,
Would say, let each one have her due !
But is their one in all the land,
Like my sister to be found,
Or worthy even to tie her shoe ?
No sooner said, than the glass went round.
And one party would cry, quite right !
She is the flower of all her sex,
And the boasters then were silenc'd quite.
And now ?—A saint it would even vex,
And almost drives me, in despair,
To tear up by the roots my hair—
Or run my head into a noose,
And bid the Devil let me loose.
Cutting jests and jibes and jeers,
Every low vagabond will din in my ears.
Like some fraudulent bankrupt I must sit dumbfounded,
In cold perspiration at every chance word said.
I'd like to smash them for their insolence ;
Yet could not say they lied, in my defence.

Who approaches there? who comes skulking along?
 They are in two if I'm not wrong,
 If he is one of them I'll soon have him caught,
 Alive he shall not leave the spot.

Enter Faust and Mephistopheles.

Faust.

Lo, yonder from that window of the sacristy,
 Glimmering upwards appears of th' eternal lamp the sheen,
 And sideways by degrees becomes more dusky,
 And darkness all around obscures the scene!
 Thus within my bosom does gloomy night prevail.

Mephistopheles.

And as for me a languishing I feel,
 Like some tom-cat that slinking up the fire-ladders goes,
 Then stealthily round the walls takes himself away.
 Everything seems me to something virtuous to dispose,
 To a little larking, or a little thievery,
 Or any other kind of knavery.
 Exceeding joy thrills through each vein,
 To think of glorious Walpurgis night;
 In two days' time it will again
 Crown all our watchings with delight.

Faust.

Can that be the treasure rising now, I wonder,
 That I see glimmering down yonder!

Mephistopheles.

Thou speedily mayst the pleasure have
 The little casket out to draw.

I peep'd in lately without asking leave,
 And splendid lion-dollars saw.

Faust.

Not a jewel—not a ring
 That I may to my dearest bring?

Mephistopheles.

I saw, besides, an ornament displaying artistic grace,
 A certain kind of pearl necklace.

Faust.

That's quite right. It does aggrieve me so,
 When I without a present to my true love go.

Mephistopheles.

Thou wilt not find it irksome employment

Without expense to cull enjoyment.
 With stars the sky is glistening,
 To thy love a master-piece I'll sing—
 A moral song which will be sure
 Her senses still more to allure.

He sings to the guitar.

Why Kitty dear,
 At the door so near
 Of thy lover here,
 So early in the morning?
 Beware of sin!
 He'll let thee in,
 As maiden in,
 As maiden no returning.

Of deceit beware!
 They'll lay the snare,
 Should you fall in there,
 Poor things long there you'll linger.
 Eschew all grief,
 Give not the thief
 What he'd have lief,
 Without the ring on finger.

Valentine (comes forward.)

Whom dost thou here entice? By the fiery element!
 Thou d——d, dirty, sneaking fellow!
 To the Devil with the instrument!
 To the Devil with the singer too!

Mephistopheles.

The guitar is smash'd. 'Tis of no use now.

Valentine.

Now thy head if I don't split!

Mephistopheles (to Faust.)

No flinching, Doctor! Don't give in a bit!
 I'll go first. Do as I say, and stick close to me.
 Try now thy best the day to carry!
 Out with thy toasting-iron and I will parry.

Valentine.

Parry that

Mephistopheles.

All right!

Valentine.

And that!

Mephistopheles.

Why not?

Valentine.

I think 'tis with the Devil himself I fight.
But how is this? My arm's already lame?

Mephistopheles *(to Faust.)*

Thrust home!

Valentine *(falls.)*

Oh! oh!

Mephistopheles.

Now we've made the lubber tame.

Let us be gone!—We must quickly disappear,
Already they are shouting murder everywhere.
The police I can manage to perfection,
But not so well the criminal jurisdiction.

Martha *(at the window.)*

Help! help!

Margaret.

A light! a light!

Martha *(as above.)*

They scuffle, squabble, scream and fight.

People.

Here one lies dead.

Martha *(coming out.)*

Have the assassins already fled?

Margaret *(coming out.)*

Who lies here?

People.

The son of thy own mother.

Margaret.

Gracious Heaven! my own dear brother!

Valentine.

I die, that is said very soon,

And even sooner done.

Women! why are you howling and wailing in that way:
Approach, and hear what I've to say.

[They all come round him.]

Look, Margaret, thou still art young,
And not in deception strong

Enough, to screen thy name ;
I'll tell thee now in confidence,

At the words it is too late to wince,
Thou art a child of Shame.

Margaret.

Good God ! brother, what does this mean ?

Valentine.

Leave our good God out of the question !
Unhappily what is done cannot be undone,
But the end is easily to be seen.
Thou beginnest first secretly with one,
Then a few more will quickly join ;
And when they mount up to a dozen,
Thou wilt belong to all the town.

When Shame first sees the light,
She is by stealth into the world convey'd,
And, over her ears and head,
Is drawn the veil of night ;
And would be kill'd if she then were seen.
But when she grows up to sixteen,
She walks abroad, in open day, to shew her nakedness,
But her looks do not improve for her bare-facedness.
And the more she becomes to ugliness a prey,
The more she courts the light of day.

I see the time fast coming, when
Every honest citizen
Will fly, thou harlot, from thy presence,
As if thou wert a corpse that died of pestilence.
And it will make thy very heart despair,
When the people at thee stare.
No gold chain wilt thou more wear !
No more in church wilt thou stand at the altar ;
No more, adorn'd with a fine lace-collar,
Wilt thou rejoicing join the jig or reel.
In some dark den, the abode of misery,
Among vile outcasts thou wilt thyself conceal ;

And should God even be merciful to thee,
Accurséd on the earth still thou must ever be.

Martha.

Commend your soul to God, instead
Of heaping other sins upon your head.

Valentine.

Could I get at thy shrivell'd skin,
Thou infamous procuress,
I should hope for every sin
Most ample forgiveness!

Margaret.

Oh, brother! what pangs of Hell!

Valentine.

I say, let the tears now be.
To thy honour thou didst bid farewell,
And gavest thereby the keenest stab to me. [free.
Through death's sleep to God I go, a soldier brave and
[He dies.

SCENE IV.—CATHEDRAL.

SERVICE, ORGAN, AND ANTHEM.

Margaret among the crowd. Evil Spirit behind her.

Evil Spirit.

How different was it with thee Margaret,
When, in virgin innocence,
Thou wouldst approach the altar here,
And from thy well-thumb'd little book,
Thy prayers wouldst lisp,
Half child's play with thee,
And God half in thy heart!
Margaret!
Where now thy head?
In thy heart!
What a crime?
Prayest thou for thy mother's soul, [pain?
Who through thee slept over into long, long
What blood is that upon thy threshold;
—And there under thy heart,
Dost thou not already feel it, in incipient life,
Tormenting itself and thee,

With its presence of disastrous promise.

Margaret.

Woe! woe!

Could I fly from thoughts

That make my whole frame shudder,

In spite of myself!

Chorus.

Dies irae, dies illa

Solvat sæclum in favilla.

[Organ plays.]

Evil Spirit.

Horror seizes thee!

The trumpet sounds!

The graves are quaking!

And thy heart,

Margaret!

From the repose of its ashes,

For the torments of fire,

Renew'd again,

Trembling arises!

Margaret.

Would I were in the open air!

The organ seems

To choke my breath,

And the anthem

My heart-strings to tear.

Chorus.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,

Quidquid latet adparebit,

Nihil inultum remanebit.

Margaret.

Here it is so close!

The pillars of the wall

Enclose me all around,

And the vaulted roof

Presses down upon me!—Air!

Evil Spirit.

Hide thyself!

Sin and shame

Will come to light.

Air? light? Woe be to thee!

Chorus.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus ?

Quem patronum rogaturus ?

Cum vix justus sit securus.

Evil Spirit.

Their countenance from thee

The glorified turn away.

To reach their hand to thee,

The pure in heart would shudder.

Woe !

Margaret.

Neighbour ! your scent-bottle !

[*She swoons.*]

WALPURGIS NIGHT OR MAY-DAY EVE.

THE HARZ MOUNTAINS.

FAUST.—MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephistopheles.

Wouldst thou not like a long broomstick ?

I should like a he-goat of the stoutest breed. [quick.]

This road is a long way round, and we must be up there

Faust.

As long as I feel myself lightly on my legs carried,

This knotted stick is all I need.

Where short cuts may be 'tis no use to heed.

Winding to steal down labyrinthine valleys,

Then slowly up the rocks through devious paths to stray,

Whence the river's source eternally rushing dashes,

Is what gives a zest to the rugged mountain way.

Already Spring makes the birch-trees rejoice,

And even the pines already hear her voice,

And shall our limbs not also feel her sway !

Mephistopheles.

Pleasure therein I cannot say I find.

I feel myself quite winterly inclin'd ; [snow.]

And should like to tread on frosty paths bedeck'd with

How sadly now the uncompleted disk

Of the red moon approaches, and with tardy glow

Imperfectly illumines us ! so that we run risk
 At every step, to dash 'gainst rock or tree.
 A Will-O'-The-Wisp, allow me now to call !
 Yonder I see one burning right merrily.
 Holla ! my friend ! may I take the liberty
 To say that down there burning you do no good at all ?
 And therefore beg you'll be so kind,
 As to guide us in this murky night,
 To yon mountain-top by thy brilliant light.

Will-O'-The-Wisp.

Out of respect I hope that I shall find
 The means my wayward nature to control,
 Which thinks a zig-zag course the best of all.

Mephistopheles.

Oh, oh ! you'd like to imitate mankind.
 Go you now straight on in the Devil's name,
 Or I'll soon blow out your flickering life of flame.

Will-O'-The-Wisp.

I now see you're the master of the house,
 And shall with pleasure your behest obey.
 But remember, that the mountain is to-day,
 Full of enchantments that can master us ;
 Besides when you follow an unstable light,
 You must not expect it to lead you always right.

Faust, Mephistopheles and Will-O'-The-Wisp,

In alternatiug song.

Into the magic spheres so dreamy,
 It appears we have ascended.
 Lead us right, all will esteem thee,
 If our journey soon be ended,
 In the wild and desert places.

How each tree his brother chaces !
 Did they ever run such races ?
 How the cliffs their necks are bending—
 Courteous greetings to us sending !
 Craggs of air taking such doses
 Snort and blow their pendent noses.

Gliding quick through rocks and grasses,
 Brook and brooklet downward passes.

Whence that murmuring?— whence that ~~sing-~~
 Fond complaints of lovers bringing— [ing ?
 Voices of days of heavenliness,
 Still with hope and love subduing ;
 And Echo strikes the ear no less,
 The past like some old tale renewing.

To-Whit, to-whoo, we now hear clearer,
 Hark ! the chattering birds are nearer.
 The owl, the pewet and the jay,
 Are they all awake to-day ?
 And the long-legg'd salamander,
 With a paunch that is a wonder,
 Does he through the brambles wander ?
 The roots through rock and sand so wily,
 Like serpents are wriggling there—
 Out-stretching filaments so slyly,
 To affright or to ensnare.
 And coarse speckles animated,
 For the wanderer belated,
 Polyp-fibres are extending.
 Mice too many colours blending,
 Through the moss—through the sweet-broom,
 In array marshalléd come.
 All around in myriad swarms,
 Fly the glittering glowworms—
 Crowds on crowds in great profusion,
 Adding to the blest confusion.

But tell me are we standing now,
 Or do we still upward go ?
 Everything seems round me reeling—
 Rocks and trees their scorn revealing
 With grimaces, and th' unfeeling
 Lights that lead astray and wander,
 Flare up and encrease in number.

Mephistopheles.

Hold of my skirt now firmly take !
 We've got up to a central peak ;
 Just look down, and thou'lt see then,
 How Mammon glows within the mountain.

Faust.

How wonderfully, from the depths below,
Gleams a reddishness like the dull matin glow,
And flashes quivering down into the fathomless,
And distant crater of the strange abyss.
Here rises vapour—there float exhalations,
Here a glow illumes from haze and gauzy flosculations ;
Then it glides along like a slender thread, [head.
And then bursts out as a spring does from its fountain
Here through a lengthen'd track, how it doth wind
Along the valley, with a hundred veins !
In this narrow corner here again it seems confin'd,
Then suddenly diffuséd all around remains.
Quite near us sparkle flakes of fire,
That like golden sand fall in showers around,—
And behold ! the precipice entire
Is one sheet of flame up from the ground.

Mephistopheles.

Has as not Sir Mammon for this festival,
Made a very grand illumination ?
'Tis well that to see it thou hast had occasion.
I hear the boisterous guests already of this carnaval.

Faust.

How raging through the air the hurricane goes—
Dealing mercilessly upon my neck its blows !

Mephistopheles.

On the old ribs of the rock thou must a strong hold keep,
Or down the cleft abyss it will dash thee very quick.
The fog renders heavy the shades of night and thick.
Hark ! through the woods how the whirlwinds bellowing
And from their roosts afar the owls fly scar'd. [sweep !
Hark ! how the pillars are into fragments shiver'd
Of the eternally green palaces !
How creaking and crackling sever'd fall the branches !
Deep and heavily the mighty trunks are groaning,
And the yawning roots with hollow echo moaning.
Now in intermingl'd hurly-burly all,
With tremendous crash together fall ;
And through the congested rents of ruin,
The howling blasts of air hiss with discordant din.

R

On high the voices dost thou hear?
 At a distance and quite near?
 The mountain, in its whole length is ringing,
 With the wild enchanted singing.

The Witches (in chorus.)

The witches to the Brocken go!
 Sown fields are green—stubble yellow.
 Yonder great crowds are hastening up.
 Sir Urian's sitting on the top.
 Leaping over stones and ditches,
 He-goats scramble with the witches.

A Voice.

Alone old Baubo's coming now
 Riding on a farrow-sow.

Chorus.

Honour to whom 'tis due we say,
 Let first dame Baubo lead the way!
 With mother on a sturdy swine,
 In escort all the witches join.

Voice.

Which way didst thou come?

Voice.

Over Ilsenstein.

Into the owl's nest I look'd up there,
 And she gave me such a stare!

Voice.

O go to Hell!

Why dost thou ride at such a rate?

Voice.

I look'd in as well!

She tore my skin with spite exceeding,
 Look, how my wounds are bleeding!

Chorus of Witches.

The way is broad—the way is long.
 What a mad infernal throng!
 How sticks the fork! How trails the broom!
 How stifled the child in the bursting womb,

Wizard. Half-Chorus.

We creep like snails with the shell on;
 The women have been awhile before us.

When we're going to see The Wicked One
A woman will be a mile before us.

The Other Galf.

I do not look that way into it,
With a mile the wife will do it ;
But let her run as fast's a hare,
With a single bound the man is there.

Voice (from above.)

Come with us, come with us from the mountain-lake!

Voices (under.)

Fain would we ascend through briar and brake.
We wash and are snow-white and clean,
But for ever must remain barren.

Both Chorusses.

The star is fled—the wind is still,
And the murky moon behind the hill.
In wild turmoil, th' enchanted choir
Sputter a thousand flakes of fire.

Voice (from below.)

Stop! Oh stop!

Voice (from above.)

Who calls from the gaping cleft?

Voice (from below.)

Oh, let me not here be left!
But let me your kind aid beseech!
Three hundred years I have been pining,
And trying in vain the top to reach;
Fain would I be my comrades joining!

Both Chorusses.

Both stick and broom can carry you.
The pitchfork and the he-goat too.
Aloft this night who cannot soar
Is a lost man for evermore.

Galf-Chorus (below.)

I've been tottering long indeed!
How are the others so far a-head?
I have at home but little peace,
And here, I think, I'll still have less.

Chorus of Witches.

Witches wax strong with an unguent.
For a sail a rag is excellent.

For a ship a trough will do.
 They'll always fly this night who flew.
Both Chorusses.
 And when around the top we go,
 Let yourselves down on the ground below,
 And cover the heath then far and wide,
 With the swarms of Witchdom from every side.

Mephistopheles.
 What crowding, shoving, rushing, rattling,
 Whizzing, whirling, trailing, prattling!
 What glittering, sputtering, stinking, flaming!
 All Witchdom's elements proclaiming.
 Stick close to me, or we'll be dragg'd asunder.
 Where art thou?

Faust (in the distance.)
 Here!

Mephistopheles.
 What already whirl'd down yonder?
 My domestic authority I must now display. [make way!
 Squire Voland comes, make way! Sweet rabble there,
 Catch hold of me, Doctor! Now make one leap,
 And out of this hurly-burly we'll escape.
 They're far too obstreperous even for one like me.
 But a very singular light, there hard by, I see.
 To examine yonder bush I feel great inclination.
 Doctor, follow me, we'll quietly slip inside.

Faust.
 Thou spirit of contradiction, quick then be my guide!
 Upon my word we act with great consideration,
 To wander to the Brocken on Walpurgis night,
 And when here to isolate ourselves with capricious delight,

Mephistopheles.
 Does it not excite your wonder,
 That the flames should burn with so much splendour.
 You see assembl'd there a jovial crew.
 In small company there is society too.

Faust.
 I'd much rather be up yonder!
 Already I perceive eddying smoke and flame. [stream.
 And the multitudes of people to The Wicked One that
 Many a riddle there will be unravell'd.

Mephistopheles.

And many a riddle there too will be ravell'd.
 Let the great world bustle on with discordant din,
 We'll keep ourselves quiet and comfortable here within.
 It is an old saying [playing.
 That, in the great world, little worlds too their parts are
 There I see young witches their stark-nakedness unheed-
 And old ones prudently their hideousness concealing. [ing;
 Now for my sake, only shew a friendly feeling;
 The trouble is but trifling, and the fun exceeding.
 The tuning of some instruments I hear.
 A confounded jangle to which we must inure our ear.
 Come along then, since it must be so!
 I'll lead the way, and introduce thee, and on this occasion,
 Place thee under a fresh obligation. [my friend.
 What's thy opinion now? That's no little space there,
 Only look inside! thou canst hardly see the end.
 A hundred fires all burning in a row.
 What dancing, jabbering, cooking, drinking, loving!
 What larking, merry-making, and what shoving!
 Now I'm very sure,
 Better than that thou didst never see before.

Faust.

Wilt thou to introduce us here,
 As a wizard, or as The Devil appear?

Mephistopheles.

I'm very fond of going incognito.
 But we like our orders on gala-days to shew.
 To the order of the garter I can make no claim,
 But here the cloven foot is held in high esteem.
 See'st thou that snail there? Its feelers 'tis extending,
 And its way towards us wending;
 It has already found out that I'm not here every day.
 And were it my desire I could not here myself gainsay.
 But come with me from fire to fire,
 I'll be the pander and thou shalt be the wooer.

To some who are sitting round some expiring embers.

Old gentlemen, why here at the very end? [mend,
 If I saw you in the middle I would your good sense com-
 For there you would be surrounded with wassail and
 youthful riot.
 At home we have all enough of solitude and quiet.

Old General.

Who would put their trust in peoples or in princes?
Faithfully to serve them is to serve them too well;
For, in their fancies they're no better than the wenches,
It is always youth with them that bears away the bell.

Minister.

With FREE TRADE they have proven that we were in
the wrong,
Yet nothing like those good old times for me,
When Bonapart was beaten who thought himself so strong,
And peace was at Vienna sign'd by Lord Castlereagh.

Courtier.

We were always too on the look out,
And often had our pickings on the sly.
But REFORM up yonder has turn'd things inside out,
Although to keep them as they were we all our skill
did try.

Poet.

There's no use in being classical for that will never pay,
The publishers will tell you, *you are not celebrated*;
And as for the public, to me it has been stated
That they will only read some lucky favourite of the day.

Mephistopheles *(who all at once appears very old.)*

The people are ripe for Doom's-day, and on their last legs,
Since to climb Witchdoms hill for the last time, is my lot,
And as my little barrel contains nothing but the dregs,
So I see the world too is also going to pot.

Witch *(who sells old clothes, swords, daggers &c.)*

Pray gentlemen, pass not thus by!
Avail yourselves of this occasion!
Look at my wares, step in and buy
I've things well worthy observation,
And in great variety.
Each article here, let me tell you,
On the earth has got its fellow,
And have all been, more than once,
Us'd in deeds of violence—

Of deception, or mischance.

There is no dagger here that has not tasted blood ;
No cup from which the deadly poison has not flow'd
Into the vigorous body, in hot corroding streams ; .
No set of jewels that has not seduced innocence ;
No sword that has not betray'd mutual confidence,
Or that has not from behind dealt treacherous vengeance.

Mephistopheles.

Well cousin you don't understand the times it seems.
Down here, done is finish'd—finish'd done.

Up yonder be two nations
That delight in great sensations,
Take them all up there and you'll find a ready sale.

Faust.

I hope my brain will not begin to reel !
If there ever was a fair, that is one.

Mephistopheles.

The whole rabble now are pushing to get above.
You are yourself shov'd on when you think to shove.

Faust.

Who then, is that ?

Mephistopheles.

That is Lileth, observe her with care !

Faust.

Who ?

Mephistopheles.

Adam's first help-mate.

Of her beauteous tresses you must now beware,
Of that adornment in which she shines supreme.
If once she catches a young man with them,
She will not let him go again so easily.

Faust.

An Old One and A Young One there I see.
They have been tripping it right merrily !

Mephistopheles.

There's no end to-night of the merry-making.
A new dance is forming, come let us have a fling !

Faust (dancing with The Young One.)

I once had a pleasant dream
Of two apples on a tree,

They did so red and lovely seem,
They were the very thing for me.

The Fair One.

The dear apples your've learn'd to prize,
Since the days of paradise.
And it rejoices me to know
That in my garden too they grow.

Mephistopheles (with The Old One.)

I once had a dream of fid-faddle-ee
I look'd inside an old oak-tree,
And a young witch on a brimstone-chair
Was sitting stewing and spewing there.

The Old One.

I offer my very best salute
To the knight of the cloven foot, [chair,
If you saw The Young Witch on the brimstone-
Would you let her sit stewing and spewing there.

Proctophantasmist.

Accursed crew ! dont you yet understand ?
Has it not been long since shewn to you?
That a spirit on ordinary feet can never stand,
And you are dancing there just as we men do !

The Fair One.

What does the fellow want here at our ball?

Faust.

Oh ! He's to be found in every dancing hall.
When others dance he must always appraise ;
And at whatever step he cannot shout or ball,
'Tis just as if, for him, that step had not been done at all.
But it annoys him most when our steps are progressive.
If we were to go round always in a circle,
As he does himself, in his own old-fashion'd mill,
He would to that his best approbation give ,
And particularly were you to ask his advice as well.

Proctophantasmist.

You are still there ? well that's past comprehension !
Then disappear ! We have all things clear'd up and
explain'd !

The Devil's pack do nothing with a good intention,
And are by no rule guided or restrain'd.

We think ourselves so knowing,
 With Tegel to the Devil going. [delusion
 How long have I been sweeping off the cobwebs of
 Yet the place is never clean, and that increases my confusion

The Fair One.

Why don't you hold your noise and not annoy us here?

Proctophantasmist.

Now spirits, I tell you, every one to his face,
 I'll allow no spiritual despotism in this place,
 Where my own spirit cannot despotical appear.

The dancing continues.

I see that here to day I can wield no authority,
 But for a journey I am always ready ;
 And I hope before life's journey's o'er,
 Both poets and the Devil to overpower.

Mephistopheles.

He will immediately sit down in a puddle ;
 For he likes in such places for recreation to muddle ;
 And when the leeches have well upon him feasted,
 In the Spirit and in spirits he'll feel no longer interested.

To Faust (who has left the dance.)

What have you let that pretty girl go,
 That in the dance with songs amus'd you so?

Faust.

Ah ! at the time she did so sweetly sing,
 Out of her mouth I saw a red mouse spring.

Mephistopheles.

That's something good. We should not be particular.
 The mouse was after all of a brilliant colour.
 Who would mind such things at the shepherd's hour?

Faust.

Then I saw — —

Mephistopheles.

What?

Faust.

^ Mephisto, yonder dost thou see

A pale and lovely girl, standing alone in the distance ?
 She seems slowly dragging herself from place to place ;
 And her feet in chains appear to be.

It is, I must confess,

Very like my gentle Margaret in appearance.

Mephistopheles.

Let that alone ! that can only harm bring.

'Tis an image—'tis an idol—'tis a lifeless thing.
 And to meet it would not to any one do good ;
 A wild staring look curdles a man's blood,
 Whereby into stone he is almost turn'd.
 No doubt of Medusa's history thou has something learn'd.

Faust.

Her eyes are of a person dead,
 And which no loving hand has closéd.
 That is the breast to my embrace my Margaret offeréd,
 That is the sweet bosom on which my head reposéd.

Mephistopheles.

Thou easily misguided fool, that is magic art,?
 That makes each image like the one dearest to our heart.

Faust.

Oh, what rapture ! Oh what pain !
 From that gaze I cannot withdraw again.
 How strange that such a lovely neck,
 A scarlet string alone should deck,
 Just as broad as of a table-knife the back.

Mephistopheles.

Quite right ! I see it also.
 Her head under her arm she can carry too ;
 Perseus cut it off at a single blow.
 Thou art always hankering after some delusion !
 Come let us go to this hill a little nearer ;
 'Tis as merry here as in the Prater ;
 And if it is not an illusion,
 I really see erected a theatre.
 What's going on here ?

Servibilis.

We're just going to begin.

A bran new piece the last of seven.
 That number here is always given—
 'Tis written by a dilettante,
 The actors too are dilettanti ;
 Kind sirs, my disappearance you will pardon, I entreat—
 To raise the curtain is my dilettante occupation,

Mephistopheles.

If you on the Blocksberg I should meet !
 Well, that is good ; it is your proper habitation.

WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM

OR

OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN
WEDDING-FEAST.

INTERMEZZO.

Theatre-Manager.

At length there is a day of rest,
For Meading's gallant family.
A mountain and damp vale, at best,
We find is all the scenery.

Gerald.

Ere golden can the nuptials be,
Fifty years their course must run ;
But when they do not disagree,
I prefer that golden one.

Oberon.

Spirits are ye present here,
Shew it at this festive tide ?
The King and Queen, like lovers dear,
Hymen's knot again have tied.

Puck.

Puck comes first and slanting wheels
About, and skippeth in the row,
A hundred follow at his heels,
To rejoice like him also.

Ariel

Ariel awakes the song,
In tones of heavenly melody—
Trifles leading in a throng,
And eke the queens of beauty.

Oberon.

Couples who in peace would live,
From us two the lesson take,
If the force of passion they would prove,
Let them only separate.

Titania.

The moping man catch speedily
 And the wife with whimsies ;
 Pack off the one to the North Sea,
 The other to the Indies.

Orchestra Tutti.*Fortissimo.*

Snout of fly, and nose of gnat,
 And all their kindred musical,
 Frog in lower—in grass cricket
 Play the music orchestral.

Solo.

Look, yonder come the bagpipes !
 'Tis a pipe soap-bubbles blows ;
 And hark, the snail's snick-snacky-snipes,
 Through his snubby nose !

Spirit That Is Fashionable Himself.

Spider's foot and paunch of toad,
 And winglet for the wee-wight ;
 The wee beast may have no abode,
 But wee poets still will write

A Pair of Lovers.

A tiny step and flimsy spring,
 Through honey-dew and vapour ;
 Your tripping seems a pretty thing,
 But aloft ye cannot caper.

Inquisitive.

That to me looks very odd,
 No doubt some masquerader !
 Can Oberon the handsome god
 Be here too as spectator ?

Orthodox.

Without tail, or claws to tease,
 It is, indeed, as true
 As the gods of ancient Greece,
 That he is a devil too.

Modern Artist.

What to-day I undertake
 Is nothing but a mere outline
 But I'll soon my measures take,
 For Italy to leave the Rhine.

Purist.

I'm out of luck to come to view
 The fag-end of the fair ;
 And of the witches, only two
 Hair powder seem to wear.

Young Witch.

Hair-powder is only fit
 For witches old and grey,
 So naked on my goat I sit,
 And my naked limbs display.

Matron.

We've too much civility,
 At you here to be flouting ;
 Yet still I hope, though young you be
 And soft, to see you rotting.

Leader of the Band.

Snout of fly, and nose of gnat,
 Swarm around the naked one !
 Frog in bower—in grass cricket,
 Beat the right time to the tune.

Weather-rock (*towards one side.*)

That's something fine to look upon,
 Nothing but young brides are here,
 And the young sparks every one,
 Like sweet flowers of hope appear.

Weather-rock (*towards the other side.*)

If Earth's jaws do not open wide
 To guzzle the whole rabble,
 I shall be quite dissatisfied,
 And at once run off to Hell.

Xenien.

We insects too come hastening on,
 With sharp little scissors,
 Worthily papa Satan
 To honour and revere, sirs.

Hennings.

Look how thy joke like simpletons,
 In thick swarms onward moving ;
 They'll tell you even, the simple ones,
 That they are kind and loving.

Musaget.

I should like myself to lose
 Among these throngs of witches fine,
 I could lead them to amuse,
 Much easier than the Grecian nine.
ci-devant *Genius of the Age.*
 With versemongers please to class us,
 Grasp my skirt and thou'lt not fall.
 Blocksberg, like British Parnassus,
 On the top has room for all.

Inquisitive Traveller.

Tell me the name of that stiff man
 Strutting like one of the rarest wits !
 He snivels, and snuffles all he can,
 He's trying to smell out Jesuits,

Crane.

I like to fish in waters clear,
 And in the troubled too,
 Therefore, you see that good man there,
 To devils saying, "How d'ye do?"

Worldling.

For good men, in faith sincere,
 All forms a good vehicle ;
 And even on the Blocksberg here,
 They've many a conventicle.

Dancer.

A new chorus now succeeds—
 I hear a distant drumming ;
 Softly ! 'tis among the reeds,
 The prosy bittern thrumming.

Dancing Master.

How every one kicks up each heel,
 To the best of his ability !
 The crooked leap, the clumsy wheel,
 Nor care about gentility.

Fiddler.

The beggars heartily hate each other,
 And with a fight would end it ;
 The bagpipes have brought them together,
 As Orpheus' lyre the brutes did.

Dogmatist.

I'll never be put down, I vow,
By one who doubts and cavils ;
The Devil, must be something too,
Or whence could come such devils !

Idealist.

Fancy is, I think, to-day
Rather too arbitrary ;
If I am really all you say,
My head must be contrary.

Realist.

Existence is a load to bear,
And my guardian angel grins ;
For the first time, I feel I'm here
Unsteady on my pins.

Supernaturalist.

'Tis with the greatest pleasure
That I have join'd this company,
For from devils I can measure
What good spirits may be.

Sceptic.

They're now after the flames of Hell
And think that soon they'll catch them,
Cavil rhymes with Devil well
But catch me going to teach them.

Leader of the Band.

Frog in bower—in grass cricket,
Accurséd diletanti
Snout of fly and nose of gnat,
You're still the musicanti.

The knowing ones.

Sansouci, that is the name
Of the merry capering crew.
We have at last become so lame,
That on our heads we must go.

The maladroit ones.

We've sponged many a tit-bit,
But the Devil himself befools.
We have danc'd our shoes out quite,
And now must run on bare soles.

Will-O'-The-Wisp.

We come from marshes damp and low,
 Where first we were created,
 And quickly here stand in a row,
 For courting celebrated.

Star Shoot.

I shot straight down from the sky,
 In the star- and fire-light ;
 Now crooked on the grass I lie,
 Who'll give me a lift to-night ?

The Massive Ones.

Make way, make way. and round-about !
 The spirits are advancing ;
 The spirits' limbs are also stout
 So the grass will feel the prancing

Puck.

Come not forward so clumsily,
 Like young elephants,
 But let to-night the stoutest be
 Puck the king of giants.

Ariel.

Wings loving Nature gave to thee—
 The Spirit that all disposes—
 Therefore now fly after me,
 Up to the hill of roses.

Orchestra. (pianissimo.)

Cloud and mist drift off with speed,
 Like travellers belated ;
 Air in bower and wind in reed,
 And all is dissipated,

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A GLOOMY DAY. A PLAIN.

FAUST.—MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust.

In misery ! In despair ! Long a wretched fugitive upon the face of the earth, and now in the hands of justice ! Thrown like a malefactor into a dungeon, and exposed to the most barbarous treatment, the affectionate, unhappy girl ! And has it come to this ?—to this ? Treacherous, abandoned spirit, and thou hast concealed all this from me !—Wait a little, thou worthless wretch, only wait ! Turn thy wild staring eyes round in their hellish sockets ! Stay, and set me at defiance by thy abominable presence ! Imprisoned ! In irreparable misery ! Given over to evil spirits, and to the justice of un pitying man ! And thou hast, in the meantime, lull'd all suspicion of evil within me, by means of absurd and vapid dissipations, hast concealed from me her ever-increasing wretchedness, and left her in utter helplessness to perish !

Mephistopheles.

She's not the first.

Faust.

Dog ! Execrable monster ! Change him, O thou Eternal Spirit ! change the reptile again into the form of the dog that used to trot up before me in the evening—to roll about on the ground at the feet of the unoffending traveller, impatient to spring on the shoulders of the falling man. Change him into the shape he loves so well, and let him creep before me in the dust, that I may tread him under foot, the vile, abandoned reprobate ! Not the first !—Misery ! Misery ! No human soul can

comprehend that more than one human being should sink into this abyss of misery—that the sacrifice of the first in its writhing death-agony, should not have afforded satisfaction for the guilt of all the others, before the eyes of Eternal Forgiveness! The marrow and life-sap of my whole frame curdles and congeals at the misery of this one alone, and thou standest there, grinning with indifference at the miserable fate of thousands.

Mephistopheles.

We have now got to the fag-end of our wits, just at the point where for you men, the sober senses slip away altogether. Why dost thou enter into partnership with us, if thou canst not carry the thing out? Dost thou wish to fly, and art not proof against giddiness. Did we force ourselves upon thee, or thou thyself upon us?

Faust.

Don't gnash thy ravenous teeth at me in that way! 'Tis disgusting! O thou great and glorious Spirit, that once didst vouchsafe to appear before me, thou who knowest my heart and soul, why didst thou enchain me to this iniquitous companion who feeds on mischief, and rejoices in destruction?

Mephistopheles.

Art thou going to have done?

Faust.

Save her! or woe be to thee! The most awful curse upon thee for thousands of years to come!

Mephistopheles.

I cannot unloosen the fetters rivetted by the Avenger nor open his bolts.—Save her!—Who was it that hurl'd her to destruction? Thou or I?

Faust.

Looks wildly around.

Mephistopheles.

Wouldst thou like to grasp the thunder? 'Tis well that it was not given to you miserable mortals! To dash the innocent opponent to pieces is your tyrannical way of giving vent to your spleen in difficulties.

Faust.

Take me thither! She shall be free!

Mephistopheles.

And the danger to which thou exposest thyself? Know, that blood-guiltiness weighs heavily upon the town on thy account. Over the dwelling-places of the slaughtered, avenging spirits are hovering, and lying in wait for the returning murderer.

Faust.

That from thee too! May the murder and death of a whole world be upon thy head, thou monster! Take me thither I say, and release her!

Mephistopheles.

I shall take thee thither, and do what I can, but hear! Do I possess all power in Heaven and on earth? I shall stupify the jailer, take thou possession of the keys, and lead her out in safety by human hands. I shall be on the watch. The enchanted horses are ready. I will bear thee off. That I have power to do.

Faust.

Up and away!

SCENE II.—NIGHT. OPEN PLAIN.

Faust and Mephistopheles, rushing along on black horses.

Faust.

What are they weaving round the Raven-stone yonder?

Mephistopheles.

I know not what they are cooking and making.

Faust.

They are waving up and down, bending and bowing.

Mephistopheles.

A tribe of witches.

Faust.

They are sprinkling and consecrating.

Mephistopheles.

Away! away!

SCENE III.—DUNGEON.

Faust.

With a bunch of keys and a lamp, before an iron wicket.

A long unwonted chill in every vein I feel,
Humanity's afflictions seize now all on me.
Behind this damp wall there is her narrow cell,
And yet her crime was from all malice free.
Dost thou hesitate before her to appear?
And again to see her dost thou fear?
Away!—Death will approach if thou delayest here.

He takes hold of the lock. A voice sings inside.

My mother, the harlot
Who has kill'd me!
My father, the varlet,
Who has eaten me!
And my wee little sister
All the bones gathér'd,
In a cool place one day;
Then I became a bonny forest bird;
Fly away!—fly away!

Faust (opening the lock.)

She dreams not that her lover is so near—
The clanking chains, and rustling straw to hear.

[He enters.]

Margaret.

Hiding her face in the bed of straw.

Woe! Woe!—They come. O bitter death to die!

Faust (softly.)

Be still! 'Tis to release thee I come here.

Margaret.

Throwing herself before him.

If thou art a man, oh sympathize with all my misery.

Faust.

Thy cries will awake the turnkey.

He takes hold of the chains to unlock them.

Margaret (on her knees.)

Tell me, headsman, who has given the power
Thus over me? Why come for me at this midnight hour?

Have mercy then, and a short respite give !
Is it not enough if at the dawn I cease to live ?

She stands up.

Am I still so young—so very young,
And must I die already ?

Fair I was, the fairest even among,
And that has ruin'd me.

The friend was here, but now he's far away.

The garland's, torn, the leaves are dead,

The scatter'd flowers are wither'd.

Take not hold of me so roughly !

Spare me ! What have I done to thee ?

Let me not beseech in vain !

In all my life, thee indeed, I've never seen.

Faust.

Shall I be able this affliction to endure !

Margaret.

I am now entirely in thy power.

Let me first satisfy my thirsty child.

The whole night it has upon my bosom lain ;

They take it from me to increase my pain,

And say by me it has been kill'd.

I shall never see a happy day again.

People sing songs about me. It is wrong of them so to do.

All old stories end in the same way too.

Who can such things explain ?

Faust.

Throws himself down.

A loving one at thy feet awaits

To lead the from captivity, through the open gates.

Margaret.

Throws herself by his side.

Let us kneel down and invoke the saints with a prayer !

Look ! under the steps there,

Under that ground sill,

Is seething all Hell !

And The Wicked One,

In raging passion,

Is making such a noise !

Faust (passionately.)

Margaret ! Margaret !

Margaret (*listening*.)

Of the friend that was the voice!

She springs up. The chains fall off.

Where is he? I heard him call.

Now I'm free. Oh, what joy!

On his neck, oh, let me fall—

On his bosom let me lie!

He call'd Margaret—stood on the ground-sill,

In the midst of the howling and clattering of Hell;

'Mid the yells of derision, I could recognize

The sweet loving accents that make me rejoice.

Faust.

I am he!

Margaret (*clasp ing him.*)

Thou art he! Oh, say it once again!

'Tis he! 'Tis he! Whither is all my pain? [chain?

Whither the dungeon's auguish? Whither the galling

Thou art he? To release me thou art come?

Now I'm saved!

There is the street again near home,

Where first we met;

The garden too so cheerful and so neat,

Where for thee, with Martha, I us'd to wait.

Faust (*striving to take her away.*)

Come, come with me!

Margaret

Care ssing him.

O stay!

I love to linger everywhere with thee.

Faust.

Make haste! let us away!

No more delay!

Or dearly for it we shall have to pay.

Margaret

What! thou canst no longer kiss?

Such a short time away from me, my friend,

And hast thy kissing all unlearn'd,

That us'd to be for thee such bliss?

What makes me on thy neck so much afraid?

When thy words and looks once made

All Heaven descend to bless me!

And thou wouldst then even kiss my breath away.
Kiss me, or I will kiss thee !

She embraces him.

Oh woe ! thy lips are cold.

Pale and closéd !

Oh then, the cause unfold !

Thy love so fond now whither fled ?

Who has me of thy love bereavéd ?

She turns from him.

Faust.

Come, follow me, my darling, do take heart !

I love thee dearest with eternal ardour still,

But I beseech thee, now obey my will,

Do, follow me, and let us hence depart !

Margaret (turning to him.)

And art thou really he ? And am I not deceivéd.

Faust.

I am, then come with me !

Margaret.

Thou hast my chains unrivettéd !

And dost thou tenderly once more embrace me ?

How is it thou dost not my presence shun ?

Knowest thou, my friend, whom thou wouldst set free ?

Faust.

Come now at once, the dawn is hastening on !

Margaret.

My mother I've kill'd,

And drown'd my child.

That child was it not given

To me by Heaven,

And to thee ?

Art thou he ? Can I believe this ?

Give me thy hand ? It is no dream ?

Thy dear hand !— Ah, how damp it is !

Wipe it, wipe it ! It would seem

That there is blood thereon.

Pray, now thy dagger sheath !

This I beg of thee.

Faust.

Let by-gones by-gones be !

Thou wilt be my death.

Margaret.

No, thou must remain behind.

I will describe the graves to thee now while I may ;

And immediately to-morrow, mind

That you arrange them all just as I say.

The best place must be for mother ;

Then beside her put my brother.

A little on one side put me,

But not too far away ;

Then I shall be satisfied,

If thou wilt lay

The little child on my right breast.

Beside me no one else would like to rest.

To creep close to thy side, dear friend, and there remain,

Would be sweet happiness indeed ;

But I feel, as if in the attempt, I could not succeed.

It seems as if by force alone, I could that obtain ;

And that thou wouldst spurn me away.

Yet thou art he,

So good, so kind, even now to me.

Faust.

If thou feelest I am he, then come !

Margaret.

Out there ?

Faust.

Into the open air.

Margaret.

Is the grave out there ?

Is Death on the watch out there ? then come !

From here to the eternal resting-place,

But further not a single pace—

Thou are going ? oh, Henry could I come with thee !

Faust.

That thou canst do. The door is open, only follow me !

Margaret.

I must not go. I can hope no more. [watch ?

Whither could I flee ? Would they not be ever on the

And oh, how miserable to beg from door to door !

And with a conscience too, constantly upbraiding.

In strange lands, how miserable to be wandering !

And ere long I should be taken up again.

Faust.

But I should always with thee remain.

Margaret.

Quick, quick, no delay!

Save thy poor child!

Up yonder pathway,

Straight up by the brook,

Then over the style,

Into the wood half a mile,

On the left then look,

You'll see a plank in the pond,

There it will be found.

Save it now quickly!

It comes up again;

'Tis struggling still.

Save it! save it!

Faust.

Compose thyself! One step more and thou art free.

Margaret.

I wish we were past that hill!

Mother is sitting on a stone there.

Woe is me!

It takes hold of me coldly by the hair.

Mother is sitting on a stone there.

Her head she is shaking, but no notice taking—

She becks not, she nods not, her head is drooping sore.

She slept long and soundly, for she woke nevermore.

She slept the lovers to please,

Those were happy days.

Faust.

To neither words nor prayers wilt thou give ear;

To carry thee at once away, I now must dare.

Margaret.

Let me alone! No, no, by force I'll not go hence!

Don't take hold of me with so much violence.

Thee, besides, I've gratified in every thing.

Faust.

Do, come away, darling, darling,

'Tis now the break of day!

Margaret.

Day ! Yes, a new day comes, the last day to bring,
 It was the day fix'd for my wedding ! [breathe.
 That thou hast been with Margaret, to no one must thou
 O woe ! my virgin wreath !
 Crush'd and scatter'd the flowers are all.
 Again we two shall meet, but not at the ball.
 The people come in crowds, but not a word is spoken.
 The square and every street is full,
 And cannot contain the whole. [broken.
 The tolling bell proclaims the hour, and the staff is
 How they seize me, how they bind me !
 To the block they have consign'd me ;
 And for my neck the sharpen'd steel,
 All the spectators seem to feel.
 All around me like the grave, is silent and forlorn.

Faust.

Oh, would I'd ne'er been born !

Mephistopheles (*ap, ears outside.*)

Away ! or you are lost, away !
 Useless indecision, delay, and jabbering !
 My steeds are shuddering,
 'Tis now clear day.

Margaret.

What is that rising from the ground apace ?
 That man ! that man ! Take him away !
 What does *he* want in this holy place ?
 He comes for me !

Faust.

Thou shalt live !

Margaret.

Judgment of God ! I resign myself to thee

Mephistopheles.

Come ! come ! or I shall leave thee in the lurch with her.

Margaret.

I am thine.

O Heavenly Father, save me ! Hear my prayer !
 Ye angels ! Ye celestial hosts, appear !
 Surround me on all sides, and protect me here !
 I tremble Henry, for thee !

Mephistopheles.

She is condemn'd.

Voice (from above.)

Is redeem'd.

Mephistopheles *(to Faust.)*

Hither to me !

He disappears with Faust

Voice (resounding from within.)

Henry ! Henry !

END OF FAUST, PART THE FIRST.

Address to the Muse.

HAIL lovely maid ! kind friend to life's gay spring !
 After long years again thy charms I sing ;
 No more, alas ! with youth's sweet melting voice
 That told how much the heart could them rejoice ;
 The evil star that frown'd upon my birth,
 And cast me friendless on this beauteous earth,
 Tore me, relentless, from thy fond embrace,
 Ere youth's soft down had yet adorn'd my face.
 Endear'd to Memory's sanctuary still,
 What time I woo'd thee by the mountain rill ;
 Or when I oft would shun the haunts of men,
 And roam so blithely down the deep'ning Glen,
 Or stray along the winding banks of Quair,
 Thou ever wert my fond companion there.

When far remote from Caledonia's land,
 A lonely wand'rer on a foreign strand,
 At sorrow's hour when sad and desolate—
 Crush'd by the unrelenting hand of Fate,
 Sweet was the solace—in those hours of woe—
 To meet the friend I lov'd long years ago,
 Unscath'd to find the radiance of her face—
 Her stately majesty and peerless grace.

